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TWO

FRENCH ARTISTS IN SPAIN.

By Adolphe Desbarrolles

TRANSLATED from the [illegible]

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE.

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TO

MRS. ALEXANDER KERR,

THE ACCOMPLISHED TRANSLATOR OF PROFESSOR RANKE'S

"HISTORY OF SERVIA,"

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

ITS TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

THESE papers appeared in the French Journal *L'Assemblée Nationale,* as *feuilletons.* They were recommended to my notice by a distinguished English critic—a veteran in literature as in politics. M. Desbarrolles, the author of them, like his friend and fellow-traveller, M. Giraud, is a distinguished French artist. In translating the papers, I have omitted a few things which would be offensive to English morality, and a few others which might startle English credulity. M. Desbarolles has evidently made use of Mr. Ford's admirable and unique Hand-book of Spain, and has not once named either the author or the book. As the Translator, I beg to do both.

C. M. F.

LONDON, *Sept.* 1851.

TWO
FRENCH ARTISTS IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

PROPOSITION OF MY FRIEND GIRAUD.—DEPARTURE FOR FIGUIERAS.

If this journey were to be only a colourless reproduction of the lively accounts of Messrs. Dumas and Gauthier, I would not take up the pen or attempt to walk in their footsteps.

Those two spirited writers have rather traversed Spain than explored it; they have occasionally only guessed. Giraud and I have seen Spain; we have had the advantage of living a long time on its high roads, in its posadas, and with its muleteers. We will not present to our readers the poetry of imagination, but the poetry of reality.

We set out in the summer of 1846, and travelled in Spain like a couple of soldiers or a couple of pilgrims, tolerably indifferent to the traditional dangers of the route. Spain must still be called an unexplored country. Of late

years, indeed, steam carries a number of tourists to the great towns on the coast, to Seville, Carthagena, or to Cadiz; but few of these travellers have penetrated into the heart of the country, and even Granada, with its Alhambra, has been visited only by a few adventurous poets.

The road from Granada to Malaga was one of the most dangerous. It made the fortune of a cunning muleteer, who boldly promised his powerful protection to travellers. Lanza—that was his name—made people believe that he had concluded a treaty with the robbers. Even at the present day there are not a few Spaniards who prefer waiting a whole month for Lanza to travelling with any other muleteer.

On the road from Seville to Madrid the band of the sons of Ecija, whose chief was so cruel that he was nicknamed *Veneño*, has left terrible souvenirs at which the solitary Andalusian shudders.

It is well known that Ecija is a nest of banditti, about twelve leagues from Seville. When we went through that passage, with the gun on our shoulder and cartouche-box and a long knife at our side, we were neither robbed nor disturbed. In fact, we looked fierce enough to be taken for brigands ourselves; and several times we saw the muleteers drive across the plain as soon as they saw us; and, coming suddenly upon some of them, they suspended their songs,

turned mute and pale, saluted us with great respect as they passed, and then took up their songs again as if surprised and joyous at not having been robbed.

If the Peninsula has been for a long time infested by banditti, it has been owing to the timid submission of its inhabitants. These good people think it the height of imprudence to attempt to defend themselves when attacked on the highway; they travel with a little purse always ready, which they call "the robbers' share."

In order to confirm themselves in this not very valorous system, the Spaniards are perpetually telling dismal cut-throat stories about foreigners who have been put to horrible tortures because they resisted the robbers. But these tales and the prospect of doubtful perils rather warmed than cooled our ardour. Had not Giraud and I vowed to one another that we would discover Spain?

I was suffering under a sad family misfortune when Giraud, one of my oldest friends, came to my relief, and proposed this adventurous journey.

"Is it not very dangerous?" said I.

"So people say," replied Girand.

"I am sure of it," said I. "I was in Spain twenty years ago, and heard a thousand stories about robbers. I remember the people used to join company by hundreds, and make quite a

caravan only to travel the miserable four leagues which separate Cadiz from San-Lucar."

"And did you travel those four leagues?"

"Indeed I did."

"With a caravan?"

"No, I set out alone."

"And did you see the shadow of a robber?"

"Perhaps I did, but nobody robbed me; I carried a good carbine, and I was then very young, and ready for any adventure."

"Well," said Giraud, "if at that time I had proposed a journey of many months in Spain, you would have gone with me?"

"Certainly."

"And now?"

"Well, I will go now; but I repeat with the poet—

"'Nous courons en héros à d'extrêmes dangers.'"

"Ah! bah!—he who lives will see. Besides, you were not attacked when you were alone; two in company, the risk will be one-half less."

Giraud gave up his business and his portrait-painting. We took a hasty leave of our best friends, and among them of Dumas, who promised to go and join us in Spain, but he hardly expected he could do so; and on a fine day, towards the end of July, we found ourselves, I hardly know how, perched on the top of a diligence which was carrying us towards the Pyrenees.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST STAGES.—LEGEND OF ST. THERESA.—THE RAMBLA OF FIGUIERES.

JEAN-JACQUES has somewhere said that one ought to visit Russia in winter and Spain in summer. We were quite faithful to this programme. The heat this year was stifling in France—what must it be in Spain?

On the first day of our journey Giraud got scorched by the sun. I cannot say how much he was enchanted at this. Giraud has a foible—who has not? His foible is to be always wishing to have a brown skin. Now nature has not favoured him in this respect, for his complexion is exceedingly fair; and this grieves him. In travelling, Giraud, like all fair people, gets sadly sunburnt; he does not become brown, no! he turns into the colour of mahogany. For want of a better colour, this satisfies him—at least, he is no longer fair.

When we sojourned any length of time in a town, and Giraud perceived that his visage was losing the bistre tints which he so much likes, he always said, "My dear friend, we must set out again; we are getting fair!" And off we went.

As far as the frontier of Spain our journey was a rapid one. We were, however, obliged to stop for a night at Beaucaire, where the preparations for the annual fair roused the place out of its habitual indolence. Here the women begin to be pretty, and light and graceful in their carriage: they have black eyes and a classical profile. In the evening we dined in the open air, under a fig-tree, with an old sea-captain, who took a wicked pleasure in painting in the blackest colours the trials we had to expect in Spain. We repeated to him the proverb: *A beau mentir qui vient de loin;* and on the morrow, at a very early hour, we were on the road.

We soon arrived at Perpignan, which we should nearly have passed through if we had not been reminded of the necessity of getting our passports signed by the Spanish consul. We were therefore obliged to present ourselves before that high functionary. After keeping us waiting an hour, he received us very majestically in a shabby apartment, took our papers without saying a word, sent them back to us by his chancellor, who took ten francs of our money. Thus, before passing the frontier, we made some acquaintance with Castilian pride and Spanish bureaucracy.

In the meanwhile we had quitted the diligence and were approaching the Pyrenees, which seemed to fly before us. It was not until we reached Boulou that their abrupt masses showed them-

selves out. After crossing the Tech, we began to ascend. The road was solitary and silent. We could scarcely hear at intervals the sound of the axe and the confused voices of labourers, who were at work in the valley mending the buttresses of the road. Some great waggons were slowly descending. Their drivers had long poles in their hands, and guided their cattle as if they were steering a ship. Careless, and yet attentive, they directed the mules with their voice, and with a sure eye the creatures moved along the very brink of the precipice.

At every step we found magnificent trees; but the road, as it ascended, became more and more rocky, and soon the last traces of vegetation disappeared. The sky was melancholy and cloudy. Some birds of prey wheeled heavily round us, uttering savage screams. There was something severe and grand in this landscape of granite. Here, the Col de Perthes recalled the memory of the ancient world, with the scattered ruins of edifices erected by Cæsar and Pompey. There, the fort of Bellegarde, which rose over our heads, evoked the memory of Louis XIV.

Just at the foot of the fort is a little village, where we had to show our passports. A few paces farther on, we quitted France and entered Spain. Sitting down by the side of the road, we waited for the little carriage which was bringing up our portmanteaux. From the heights which

we were about to ascend, we saw a long caravan of mules carefully descending. They advanced one by one, following a conductor-mule, which rang, as it walked, a bell hung round its neck. Each of those animals had a frontal, or bright copper-plate, on its forehead. Their nostrils were protected by a net of iron wire. These afford a defence in case of their falling on their noses, and help them to recover themselves. A red plume balanced itself between their long thin ears, and a fringe of the same colour, to keep off the flies, floated on their poitrails. Their drivers, with their shirts open at the neck, a broad red sash round the waist, velveteen breeches turned up from the knee, long, nervous, naked legs, marched in a stately manner, their heads protected from the rays of the sun by long hanging scarlet caps. Instead of shoes they wore sandals, or espadrillas, made of rope. Every one of them carried a short coat thrown negligently over the shoulder. After a short halt the caravan continued its march in single file, and was soon lost sight of in the country at our feet. Our carriage came up. Our luggage was scarcely examined at the Spanish custom-house; and, although colours and crayons pay a duty, the sight of a few unfinished sketches so softened the hearts of the custom-house officers—usually so rigorous—that they smiled, and let our light artist-baggage pass. It is to be noted, however, that artists and

travellers must attach to their passports a permission of entrance to the Spanish territory, which costs eight reals, or two francs, and that this paper must be well taken care of so long as the journey lasts, under penalty of having to renew it whenever it is lost. I believe that the *escopeteros*—these are the gendarmes of the country—attach more importance to this permit than to the passport itself.

We were at length free to continue our march. We began to descend the mountains. By degrees the sky became limpid and pure. The air was mild and delicious. The landscape was illuminated by that beautiful and bright yet soft light which had formerly struck me in Spain, and which I had not since seen in any country—not even in Italy. My eyes and heart were inundated with it. After two long years of vexation and grief I felt for the first time an inward sense of unexpected joy and happiness. Everything around us breathed gaiety, and at last I was disposed to take my part.

From time to time some young soldiers, on leave of absence, passed us humming a merry tune, and were very far from maintaining the Spanish gravity, for they expressed their joy by jumps and gambades; and now and then some lively peasant girls, with brunette complexions, were seen playing by the road-side, their gay laugh being interrupted only by the nasal voice of a muleteer, who sang as

he went on his way. Giraud could not have enough of the gay spectacle.

The loftiest peaks of the Pyrenees dressed themselves in light blue robes, and already, on the declivities of the hills, olive-groves showed their rounded, powdered heads. The reverse of the Pyrenees, as you descend into the peninsula, offers the most splendid views, compared with which the landscape on the side of France is dull and colourless. It is difficult to explain the sudden and strongly-marked difference. The Spaniards say, "God has willed it, and so it is." We picked up a pious legend:—When Saint Theresa, their illustrious patroness, quitted this earth, she went to heaven, where she was promised a reward for the sufferings which she had undergone upon earth: she was told that if she would form a wish for Spain it should be granted: the wish she expressed was, that Spain should have the most beautiful sky and the most fertile soil. The saint was told that Spain should have both. She then ventured to ask that her country should have a good government. "That wish cannot be satisfied," said the invisible voice, "for if Spain had a good government, she would become at once the greatest country in the world, and that would not be just towards other nations. And since that time," adds the legend, "Spain has always been badly governed."

In fine, we had penetrated into Catalonia, and

we reached the old gates of Figuieres. When we entered the town, it was the hour of the evening promenade. On the *Rambla* young ladies, unaccompanied by gentlemen, were walking arm-in-arm by twos or threes, and going up and down long shady avenues of trees. Bright red flowers adorned their thick black hair, which was partly covered by a graceful mantilla, gracefully resting on a large comb of gold or tortoise-shell. The play of the fan was not forgotten by these enticing promenaders. We could not sufficiently admire the beauty of their figures, their noble, and, at the same time, negligent carriage, and their eyes, which, under long velvety lashes, threw lightning on us as we passed. Giraud was in an ecstasy, and I was several times obliged to moderate his bursts of enthusiasm.

Night soon set in, the moon rose on the horizon and threw out a light equal to that of a cloudy day in France. The air was cool, and the town clock sounded the hours in vain: we could not think of quitting the *Lambra*. Meanwhile, one by one, the cheerful groups had all dispersed, the notes of the guitar were heard at a distance, and we remained alone on the promenade, which echoed now and then the sonorous cry of the watchman.

CHAPTER III.

PHILIP V. AT FIGUIERES.—THE MARKET-PLACE.—A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING AND SHERBETS.—THE INN OF BASCARA.

As we were returning from the Rambla to our inn, the streets of Figuieres were quite deserted, and we felt the impression always produced by solitary places in a city and silence and night. The buildings and places, which we would find to-morrow morning full of noise and inundated with light, now wore a gloomy and severe aspect. Parts of the principal church of the town were lighted up by the sweet moon.

It was in this old church of Figuieres that Philip V., in the year 1701, was united to Maria Louisa of Savoy, who, without having all the charms and the irresistible amiability of her sister, the duchess of Burgundy, astonished her husband by the able and lofty manner in which she at once spoke to him on the most important interests of the state. Political ladies have not been rare in the house of Savoy. The duchess of Burgundy, under an exterior of great simplicity and lightness of heart, watched all the political designs of Louis XIV., and communicated them to her father, Victor-Amadeo. Louis XIV. ob-

tained proofs after the premature death of the duchess, and said to Madame de Maintenon—"The little rogue deceived us." The sister of the duchess, who became queen of Spain by marrying Philip V., had a sounder judgment and more sincerity of character, but she was not more fortunate, and died at the early age of twenty-six.

On the morrow, at the dawn of day, we left our inn, and with our portfolios under our arms, we began to visit the town. The streets were dazzling; the almost horizontal roofs of the houses, the tiles of different colours shining like porcelain, offered a novel and charming *coup d'œil.* After a few turns we reached the market-place, an oblong square surrounded by arcades and balconies of iron delicately worked. Both arcades and balconies were furnished with straw mats, or with blinds made of light cloth, which are pulled up or down according to the time of the day or the direction of the sun.

The neighbouring streets were full of shops, quite open in front. Here were displayed all the objects of local industry—rings, ear-rings, Spanish buttons, and clasps of wrought silver. It is difficult to imagine what movement and life were in the market. It was peopled with Catalans come in from the neighbourhood, with country women wearing their bodices laced in front and great handkerchiefs on their heads, which fell over their shoulders like the mantilla of the ladies.

Here and there we saw immense baskets full of fruit and vegetables floating about, one hardly knew how. They were carried by donkeys, which moved with great gravity through the thickest of the crowd. Seated in groups on the ground, black-eyed female peasants offered to every passer-by figs, almonds, pomegranates, pistachio nuts, and other fruits of various colours. There was an ebb and flow of the tide of human life, which resembled neither the sound of the sea nor the moaning of the wind in the forest, but which had also its singular harmony. The shrill cries of the women were from time to time drowned by the graver voice of the church bell, which announced to the faithful the hour of mass and prayer.

Giraud opened his portfolio and began to sketch in the midst of the crowd. Artists are everywhere welcome. The good people formed a circle round us; some brought us a table and chairs and water for the colours; volunteer sentinels took care to keep the noisy or troublesome at a distance, and Giraud went to work under the approving smiles of numerous spectators. Convinced that, notwithstanding his ignorance of the Spanish language, none but agreeable adventures could befall him, I left him to himself and went to look at the citadel. Of this I will only say one thing—it is very like all the other citadels I have ever seen. I returned to the market-place at the end of a couple of

hours. Girand had disappeared, and I was in vain looking about for him when a Spanish commandant politely invited me to go and rest myself in his house. There, to my surprise, I found friend Giraud already installed in the saloon by the side of a charming *senora*, with whom he could converse only by signs and gestures. In silence he was rapidly demolishing the sherbets and the ices which his amiable hostess kept offering to him. It was not without difficulty that I could drag him from so many delights. By this time he had fallen in love with the town of Figueres. He was in no hurry to quit it—not he! "Where can we be better off?" said he, "let us pitch our tents here; it seems to me the promised land." It required all my eloquence to shake this resolution; but on the morrow I pulled him out of bed before daylight, feeling quite certain that if he saw Figueres again in broad sunshine I should never get him away.

We walked on with that vigour and spirit which the reposed traveller feels in the coolness of night. The day soon dawned, and a sudden roasting heat smote our shoulders. This gave us to understand that hard walking was not a thing to be practised in Spain; and we instinctively slackened our pace.

"The day will be hot," said I, turning round to Giraud. There was he marching bareheaded with his cap in his hand.

"How silly! with this heat," said I.

"Am I getting brown?" said Giraud.

"You are scarlet."

"So much the better," said he, "I shall soon get brown."

Then, without listening to my sensible observations, he declared that his head of hair—that head of hair which Dumas has since celebrated—could bid defiance to all the fires of the tropics; and he continued to advance with his nose in the air, as if looking for a *coup de soleil.*

The Pyrenees were still in sight, glittering in the rays of the setting sun. A lower chain of those mountains stretched out on our right; on our left were thick olive-groves. The heat increased every minute; so that we were delighted to see the inn of Bascara. It was our first inn on the high-road, and a truly Spanish inn.

Fancy a vast oblong hall with whitewashed walls, and a rough floor or pavement, made of great rough stones. Two or three small windows admitted the light of the sun; and at the end of this veritable cave there was a well, at which each traveller in his turn drew the water he wanted. You must not think of asking a *posadero* to do the least thing for you. Your Spanish innkeeper entertains too great a respect for his own person, to descend to any details of business. If you want to drink, he majestically points to the well, and to cups and vases which stand upon a dresser; and you go and help yourself.

These long-necked vases often deserve a close inspection. Those we found at Bascara were made of that porous clay which keeps the drink within so delightfully cool: they had a high light handle, and on one side a small spout, facile and pleasant to thirsty lips. There were others of a still more elegant form, resembling the ancient Roman amphoræ. Near the well, a picturesque staircase led to the upper apartment. From the beams of the ceiling, blackened by smoke, hung pieces of dried salt beef and quarters of dried salt cod. It was easy to see that the bill of fare of the *posada* did not offer much variety. The kitchen occupied only a few square feet; it was separated from the rest of the hall by a thin, low, wooden partition. You had not to look far for the stable. The whole of one side of the apartment was garnished with long mangers, to which were attached horses, mules, and cows. The poultry hopped about the room in full liberty, jumping on the benches and tables, inviting themselves to dine with you without ceremony, and pecking in your plate in the most familiar manner.

When we entered the *posada,* men and beasts appeared to keep house together on the most friendly terms. Some peasants were sitting at table with three young women, having before them an immense wooden bowl, in which glittered the golden grains of rice cooked with saffron. They courteously invited us to share their repast.

It is an ancient usage which the Peninsula religiously preserves. A Spaniard cannot eat an onion without offering you half of it. But behold the reverse of the medal: in good manners, you must always refuse, and say, "Much good may it do you,"—(*buen provecho le haya a umd*).

The Moors bequeathed this custom to their successors, and in Africa and Egypt the Arabs constantly practise it. We were not as yet Spaniards enough to know the usage and to conform with it in the best manner; but we did our best to respond to the Catalan politeness. We were very soon installed at the other end of the table, and were there served with rice and saffron, fresh figs and apples. The *posadero* said that his inn had nothing better to offer to our *lordships*.

The peasants had with them small portable skins full of wine, very commodious out in the open country. But in the inn they preferred using the cool earthen vases. Raising them in the air, the arm stretched out, and the head thrown back, they imbibed a thread of wine, which fell with a beautiful curve on their half-open lips. In this way, without any glass, and without touching the vase with their mouth, they will drink a long time without stopping, and without spilling a drop of the wine. One of them, more adroit than the others, with one hand on his hip, and with all the natural grace of a Spanish muleteer, called to our memory the ancient statue of the

Faun. Giraud, who will always be trying everything and learning everything, watched this sight with great attention, and, as I foresaw, he soon attempted to rival the drinking dexterity of the Catalans. He stood up, caught hold of a vase and attempted to drink like an ancient Faun, to the notable detriment of his clothes and linen, and to the great amusement of the peasants, who roared with laughter. After many attempts, Giraud was obliged to give up, and to drink like a modern Frenchman.

But all those attempts, all those libations of the pretty wine of Benicario, had developed a wonderful Bacchanalian eloquence in my friend. Giraud talked loudly, naturally in French, but, out of politeness to the company, in French Spanishfied. This new language carried the hilarity of the company to its height. In fact, Giraud had not been more successful at Figuieres than he now was in the *posada* of Bascara.

CHAPTER IV.

A SPANISH PRIEST. — POPULAR BALLAD OF PEDRO ALONZO. — FIGARO IN 1846.—OUR ENTRANCE INTO GERONA.

WHILE Giraud was perorating, an old priest stopped at the threshold of the inn. His appearance was rather sad, his countenance pale and expressive of fatigue. He came and seated himself at a small separate table, cast uneasy glances round the long room, and called for an egg-soup. The *posadero* seemed very anxious to serve *him*, and rendered him the priest's *droit* or right. This *droit* is a sort of tithe peculiar to Spain. If a priest asks for two eggs, the *posadero* is bound to put three in his soup. It is a custom not to be broken.

Finding in Giraud a communicative Frenchman, an untiring orator, the old priest spoke to him in French, and asked if he could give any news of the pretender Don Carlos. Gay with the wine of Benicario, our friend entered into a mystifying conversation. In his simplicity, the good priest believed that Don Carlos might yet count on the assistance of France. Giraud conjured up a French army, and was on the point of bringing it ver the Pyrenees. He also entered on a lumi-

nous dissertation about the Salique law. Never had a partisan of the brother of Ferdinand VII. displayed so much eloquence! Tears came to the eyes of the worthy priest. Without understanding a word that was said, the peasants appeared to guess that the ecclesiastic and the Frenchman were debating some grave matter. I felt that the joke had lasted long enough, and putting Giraud's stick in his hand, we walked away from the inn of Bascara.

I had forgotten the torrid heat that was waiting for us outside the door. Our first steps plunged us into a bath of fire. For a moment we thought of returning to the inn, and there waiting until the cool of the evening. But we felt that, once in Spain, we must either give up the pleasure of travelling or brave the heat. We marched on. The *Cicalas*, which the burning sky put in the best humour, sung out so loudly that we were almost deafened; the stones on the road dazzled our eyes with their burning reflected light, and made us giddy. There was a moment of silence and discouragement.

"I shall get brown now or never," said Giraud.

By slow degrees we accustomed ourselves to live, and even to walk in this furnace.

Soon we saw on our right a small town, with its church steeple on the ridge of a hill. We were preparing to make a sketch, when we heard hurried footsteps behind us. The steps were

measured in cadence with the accompaniment of a ballad, sung by a full, sonorous voice. The words had something like this meaning :—

"Four men go out of Segovid, four men of wandering, lawless lives: one is Pedro Alonzo, another is Camacho, the third is Xamarillo, and Cornejo remains to be named.

"History will speak of the four men of Segovia.

"These four lawless fellows, true heroes of the ambuscade, carry everything before them; they escalade high walls, strong bars of iron cannot keep them out.

"History will speak of the four men of Segovia.

"Courage gives them victory, chance gives them opportunity. They are the hawks of the hill of Guadarrama. Woe to him who attempts to seize their purveyors. He will be hanged by a rope, to make gambades in the empty air.

"History will speak of the four men of Segovia!"

The singer was now up with us. "If you are going to Gerona, señores caballeros," said he, "would you like to pass the river in my company? on the other side of the water I know some cool and shady roads; rare things in Spain!" We gave him the welcome, and all three marched on together.

Our new travelling companion wore the Andalusian costume, and carried a guitar round his neck. Having no wish to get sunburnt like

Giraud, he had improvised a parasol. At the end of his walking-stick he had arranged four pieces of cane, and on the top of these he had extended his pocket-handkerchief. He was exceedingly proud of his invention.

I, however, told him that a parasol was but a poor resource in case of any unpleasant encounter, and that it was not with a guitar he could hope to defend himself against robbers.

"Ah! ah! robbers," cried he, showing us a splendid set of teeth; "you then believe in robbers?"

"If there are any," said I, "I beg to express the most profound respect for them."

"Your answer, señor caballero, would tell me that you are a foreigner, if I had not guessed as much by your accent and dress."

I could not deny the fact. And as for dress, if Giraud and I were no longer French, we certainly were not yet quite Spanish.

"There are no longer any robbers," continued the Andalusian, "or, at least, if there are a few, they are very good people, following their profession like gentlemen. When I fall in with any upon the road, I hardly know whether they or I are the more delighted."

"How so?" said I.

"He! *por Dios*, I shave them."

"Shave?"

"To be sure," said the Andalusian, opening his

jacket, and showing us a leathern girdle stuck full of shining razors.

We had fallen in with Figaro.

This discovery made us for a moment rather cool and reserved. . . . . We, however, stopped for a short time at a little *posada* beyond the river, to quench our thirst with water and Spanish brandy; the last being not at all like French brandy, but having a strong taste of aniseed. On quitting the inn, the Andalusian kept his promise by showing us a short path to the town, by which we saved nearly a French league. Here was an oasis in the burning desert. A cool rivulet serpentined under thick foliage, and trunks of fallen trees invited the traveller to halt and enjoy the shade and the coolness.

At the end of the winding path we found ourselves on the bank of the Ter, the waters of which reflected the last rays of the setting sun. At last Gerona appeared before us: the old Gerona whose opulence was boasted as far back as the fourth century. At present, with its citadel in the midst of the ruins of other fortifications, Gerona looks like a vigilant sentinel, wearing on his front the wounds and scars of war.

CHAPTER V.

CATHEDRAL OF GERONA.—THE FLIES OF ST. NARCISSUS.—A FELLOW COUNTRYMAN.

We had got into the labyrinth of narrow, crooked streets, which render Gerona one of the dullest towns of Spain, and were thinking of taking leave of our fellow-traveller. The barber guessed our thoughts. "I have chance and chance companions," said he, "and to judge, gentlemen cavaliers, by your countenances, I should say that you have the same taste." I told him that we were not exactly running in pursuit of adventures; that we were artists—a couple of painters.

"Then," said the Andalusian, "I am the very man you want; for I know the country and all the old buildings, and everything that is to be seen. I will be your guide. You will never get a better. I am the very man you want."

I told him that we were not great men enough to pay for services like his. He was seriously offended, and said, with great pride, "that he had offered to be our travelling companion, and not our servant." I did my best to restore the barber

to his good humour. He soon forgot the offence, and renewed his first propositions.

Thus, without having sought or wished it, we found ourselves in a manner tied to the officious Andalusian. We were not at Paris; we had no reason to be very particular about an acquaintance which we could break off at any time; and so we continued to walk about the town with him.

The cathedral of Gerona stands on a height, at the top of three grand terraces, ornamented with granite balustrades. The church commands all the landscape, and by its massiveness awakens the idea of grandeur and durability. The barber began at once to do duty as *cicerone*.

"You are aware, gentlemen cavaliers, that this church was built in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne. Gerona considers that emperor its benefactor, and here his soul is still solemnly prayed for. The original church disappeared about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was rebuilt between the years 1316 and 1416. It is said that, at one time, the idea was entertained of building three naves instead of one; and that twelve architects, from all the corners of Spain, were brought into consultation. But let us ascend the eighty-six steps of this magnificent staircase, which was constructed in the year 1607."

The shades of night were beginning to descend. When we entered the cathedral, only one or two

of the faithful remained on their knees in prayer; the dim, mysterious light which reigned under the resounding vaults added to the impression produced by this pious solitude. An ancient count of Barcelona, Ramon de Béranger, reposed with his wife in a corner of the church. The two tombs appeared to be of a good Roman style. The statues in *terra cotta,* which ornament the Gate of the Apostles, could not escape the notice of artists; and we had no reason to doubt that they were works of the fifteenth century.

Our barber wanted us to visit the deserted monastery of the Capuchins, where there are Moorish baths of the eighth century.

"But, gentlemen cavaliers," said he, "I must first of all conduct you to the tomb of that great saint, Narcissus, who did such great things for Spain."

We found the tomb in the college of San Felice. The Andalusian introduced us into a beautiful chapel, and then fell on his knees at the foot of the ancient monument without saying one word.

On leaving the chapel the barber told us the story of the saint.

"Saint Narcissus is the patron of Gerona, of which place he was bishop in the fourth century. Returning from a long journey in Germany, he was killed by the pagans at the altar while he was celebrating mass. Many years afterwards, Charlemagne had a vision. Angels revealed to him the

spot where the unfortunate bishop lay buried, and the emperor removed the body, and erected this magnificent tomb. Many years after this, when Philip the Bold, who had taken Gerona by assault, pillaged the church of its riches, immense swarms of flies issued, with a loud humming noise, from the tomb of the saint. They rose above the town in such infinite numbers that they darkened all the sky, and then directing their flight towards the French encampment, they carried thither plague and death. Men and horses fell by thousands; the king himself was smitten, and went away to die at Perpignan. In this way did the flies of St. Narcissus deliver Catalonia from a French invasion."

"You are telling us a miracle," said I.

"Of course, I am," said the barber; "and I could tell you another in which the French were equally the sufferers. After having done so much for us, you will not be surprised at the honours we pay to St. Narcissus. He is not only the patron saint and protector of the Catalans, but he is also their captain-general, by virtue of a decree of the late King Ferdinand VII."

"But," said I, "you tell us nothing about the form and colour of these miraculous flies."

"That would be rather difficult," replied the Andalusian. "Some will have it that the flies of St. Narcissus are white; some maintain that they are green; while others insist that they are bright

red. Who is to decide? A grave chronicler thinks that the flies may be of all the three colours."

We were looking out for an inn, when we were accosted by a moustachoed gentleman. Delighted to find any one with whom he could speak his own language, he talked away, giving us to understand that he was a Parisian, and a dealer in church ornaments, and that he travelled with his family, and in his own carriage. He extolled the excellence of the inn in which he had put up, and was quite determined to conduct us to it. What treachery!

We tried to get rid of this *quidam*. But how could we escape from the obstinate importunity of a blockade? We followed him with reluctant steps, and he led us up to the second story of a house, or rather a hovel. We had fallen into a snare. The dinner was served up upon a table-cloth, which had so many spots and stains upon it that it was impossible to count them. The sight gave us dreadful suspicions of the bed and sheets in which we were to sleep. We asked to see them. One glance was enough. We paid, and took to flight, in spite of the cries of the moustachoed man and his fat wife.

"Why did you not let me be your guide?" said the barber. "Notwithstanding the bad character of the Spanish inns, there are some pretty good houses in Spain, and I can show you a good one here."

"Don't think us too particular," said I. "When travelling in the open country we can put up with anything — even with a bed under the starry canopy; but in a town we cannot bear filthiness."

"And you are quite right," said the Andalusian, stopping in front of a *posada*—modest in aspect, but clean and comfortable-looking.

We were soon installed therein behind some flasks of the wine of the *Val de Penas*, and one of those copious dishes of Spanish cookery, wherein the rice is mixed with saffron and minced fowl. I believe that our barber had excited the *posadero* to unusual exertion.

The last trace of our ill-humour vanished. Truth is to be found at the bottom of the well; we found merriment at the bottom of our glasses. I thought the moment favourable for putting a few questions to our Andalusian. Among other things, I asked him whether we were likely to have the pleasure of his company much longer.

"It may be that I leave you to-morrow," said the barber.

"It strikes me that you are looking out for something or for somebody," said I.

"Perhaps I am," responded the barber.

"You are very close," said I.

"I see what you are at," said Figaro. "You want to know my history. Well! I don't care if I tell it."

He lighted his paper cigar, and went off at a score.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ANDALUSIAN BARBER.

"My knights and lords,—You see in me a new example of the caprices of fortune. I was born in a condition of life which seemed to promise a comfortable independence, if not wealth and greatness. I was a smart boy, very easy-going, and of a joyous disposition. I could reasonably count on a pleasant voyage through life. One woman alone spoiled all my prospects. The history of my love is the history of my life.

"You will permit me, my lords, to conceal my real family name. My *nom de guerre* was Zephir. My father was a lawyer in a cheerful little town in Andalusia, and he wanted to make a lawyer of me, for our family had been lawyers for many generations, and he thought it quite unnatural that I should not keep up the profession in the family. But I hated law, and dry law-papers, and all those big, ugly law-books, and the big, dark old law-desk, across which my father used to look so knowingly in the faces of his clients. My mother —good woman!—tried to remove my aversion to the hereditary profession; but it could not be, and I cried, and she cried too. One fine morning, when

my father had gone out very early, I threw down my pen and my law-papers, and made a rush out into the country. The sun shone so brightly that it ought to have made an anchorite happy and merry. Before I returned in the evening, my mother had told my father that I never would be a lawyer. So, when I entered the sitting-room, my father, after dwelling on the advantages of the profession, asked me what else I would or could be. There was some talk about it, but at last I said that I would rather be a priest.

"Now my mother had an uncle, who was a priest, and lived in a town not very far off.

"'You shall be a priest,' said my father, who took me the next morning to my mother's uncle.

"It was a very silent journey, for my father, distressed at my determination not to be a lawyer, and having in his head the notion that I should not make a very good priest, never opened his lips. I was very glad to reach the house of my mother's uncle. My father and he had a long talk quite apart. That over, my father rushed out of the room without even looking at me. I have never seen him since, but I ought to say, to his praise and honour, that his paternal tenderness overcame him so much that he could scarcely speak plainly to my mother's uncle.

"When we two were alone, the old priest told me that he doubted whether I should make a good priest, and that it was time to go to supper.

"I passed a very pleasant time in the priest's house, for, besides an old sister, he had a pretty little niece of about my own age. Young as we were, I am not quite sure that the little niece and I did not fall in love with one another. One morning, the venerable ecclesiastic told me that I was no longer a child, and that I had no vocation for the priesthood; but, possibly, in good time, I might make a very good surgeon; and, finally, that the family among them had made up a purse to send me to study in the Cadiz hospitals. No sooner said than done. He slipped some doubloons into my hand, and off I went to Cadiz. I fancied that my money was an inexhaustible treasure, and went on my road, dreaming about bull-fights, play-houses, fandangos, and boleros, and all manner of dances and gaieties. I was proud of my liberty, and of my opulence.

"At Cadiz every day is a holiday; it was, therefore, very natural that I should reach that city on a grand *fête*. But, my knights and lords, it is time to go to bed, as we must trudge it to-morrow morning." We emptied our flasks of the *Val de Peñas*, and wished our barber a very good night.

"Hem!" quoth Giraud; "I am rather curious to know how it has happened that our travelling companion is no more a surgeon than he is a lawyer or a priest."

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE ROAD TO GRENADA. — GENDARMES. — ROBBERS. — THE ROADS IN SPAIN.—AS HOT AS IN THE DESERT OF SAHARA.

By day-dawn we were all up and ready to start. They gave us some excellent chocolate, but in such small cups that we were obliged to take several of them.

We bade adieu to Gerona, and, crossing its old ramparts, went south into the country.

The river Ter ran smoothly by, and some industrious washer-women were in its waters, with the rising sun shining upon them. For the rest, there was nothing very striking or picturesque; but we had a novel sight, seeing that the banks of the river were well cultivated, and that the villagers were at work in the fields. The heat was very great, but we bore it. After an hour's walk we stopped to rest at a road-side inn, where we found two gendarmes and two robbers, whom the soldiers were conducting to prison. The thieves seemed rather tame fellows, for the *escopeteros* had carelessly left their guns in a corner of the room, and at a bound the rogues might have got possession of them. But they did nothing. In Spain your gendarme,

or *escopetero*, has the right of life and death over his prisoner, and he makes use of it. A few years ago, after a grand robber-battle, the *escopeteros*, who had to conduct an inconvenient number of robbers to a great distance, got rid of a few, from time to time, by shooting them on the road without waiting for the formality of a trial. If, by a rare chance, justice make indiscreet inquiries, the gendarmes swear that the robbers had risen upon them, and that is enough. These practices can scarcely be said to have diminished the number of robbers. The *escopeteros* at the inn told us, that we might very probably meet a few adventurers of the sort in a wood through which we had to pass.

Nevertheless we set out.

It was now about eight o'clock in the morning, and the heat was increasing; but we were eager to reach the river of Tordera. The country was sterile, bare, and sandy; we might have fancied ourselves in the desert. We entered a wood of pines, where, more than once, we were surprised, not by robbers, but by gendarmes, who asked for our passports. Beyond the wood we came upon a dazzling white dusty road, which ran in a straight line, and seemed to have no end. The insupportable glare frequently obliged us to shut our eyes. Far and near we could see no shelter, no shade; solitude and silence reigned over the country with heat and drought. We

were dying of thirst. Occasionally we passed the dried-up bed of a torrent. We dug into the sand to see if we could not find some drops of water. Not a drop! Even our Andalusian was overcome. French officers, who well knew both Spain and Algeria, have assured me that there were some roads in the Peninsula not at all less burning than the Sahara. I could now believe that they had not exaggerated. At midday the sun gave us the vertigo. A few minutes more must have settled our account; but, at a turn of the road, we caught sight of a *posada*.

Here, in the shade, were groups of muleteers waiting for the cool of the evening. Giraud rushed to the fountain, and got into a dispute with one of these men, who wanted his mule to drink first; but Giraud triumphed, and the animal was the second to drink. The barber and I drank after the mule.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARBER'S STORY.

After a good half-hour of perfect exhaustion, we were able to move a little. Putting his hand out of the door, Giraud exclaimed—

"It rains fire!"

"My friend," said I, "experience must make us wise. I would rather be a stoker on board a steam-packet than continue this game any longer. We should certainly catch the famous *taberdillo*, a sun-stroke that kills. We are in Spain, so let us do what is done by Spaniards, travel during the cool hours and repose during the hot ones." And from this day forward we walked only in the cool morning time and in the breeze of evening.

When we continued our journey, we found the road rather hilly. But the barber diminished our fatigue by resuming his narrative.

"I told you," said he, "that I had left my uncle the priest with a purse tolerably filled. If I remember right, I reached Cadiz at the end of July. I know it was a great holiday. All the shops were shut, no manner of work was doing, and all the world was out of doors promenading

and talking, and displaying finery. I was quite ashamed of my travelling dress; I wanted to be as fine as the Cadiz gentlemen, and quite forgot the lessons of economy which the old priest had given to me. Instead of going to the hospital, I went to the tailors and jewellers, and got rid of some of my dollars. Being more in harmony with the gay company in the streets, I joined in the promenade, and could not sufficiently admire the toilettes, the beauty, grace, and gaiety of the Cadiz ladies.

"In the evening I followed a stream of people who stopped at the door of a theatre, and waited there until the doors were opened. They were all talking most enthusiastically about a favourite actress, the charming Theresa, who was to play that evening in one of Calderon's dramas. I paid my money, and went in like the rest of the company. The theatre was quite full. The senoras, sitting in their boxes and playing with their fans, were in my eyes so many angels. But, my gentlemen and knights, what shall I tell you of the charming Theresa and her dancing and her acting? Ah! you cannot imagine the magic spell she put upon me, as she bounded on the stage in her short satin petticoat, with roses in her long hair, and a bouquet of pomegranate flowers in her girdle. That woman did for me at once. There was a fate in her. I could not take my eyes off her, and when she quitted the stage,

I kept gazing on the empty space which she had lately filled.

"The play was over, the lights began to expire, but there I sat motionless and gazing on the stage until one of the attendants told me to be gone. I carried away with me two ardent passions—a love of the theatre and a mad love for the charming Theresa!

"From that evening, I could never keep away from the theatre if it was open. As for hospitals and surgeons, I no longer gave them a thought. But, alas! the money went fast, my clothes began to get shabby, and my future prospects grew rather dark. I sold the gold ornaments, I sold my clothes, my shirts, for I could not live without seeing and applauding Theresa; and I could not get into the theatre without paying for the ticket. At last, one fine evening, I found my purse so reduced, that there was no longer enough in it to pay for a place in the pit. How was I to get in? Misfortune takes away pride and levels conditions. I thought of the lamplighter of the theatre, and secured his patronage, by treating him with a glass of *aqua ardiente*.*

"But, my lords, I think it is now time to take a glass ourselves, and here is a posada right before us."

* Spanish brandy; literally 'burning water,'—a name the spirit well merits.

CHAPTER IX.

AN OLD JOSEPHINOS.—A SPANISH CAR.—ARRIVAL AT THE SEA-SHORE.—END OF THE BARBER'S STORY.

We were quite ready for the glass. The keeper of the posada, having given us some bright cool water, and some spirit to correct its crudity, said he would go and bring us a Spaniard who could speak very good French. He soon returned with a tall soldier-looking old man, who offered me his hand, and said he had served Napoleon.

Our rest was short. Descending some hills, we crossed the Tordera, and reached a town of the same name. At the posada the host was sitting down to table with his family, and, being invited to join them, we had not to wait long for our supper. It was served in the open air, under a trellis, in the midst of mules, which, tormented by the flies, were constantly stamping their hoofs on the ground. Our host had a young daughter, a clear brunette, whom friend Giraud found very charming. Fortunately we had to set out on the morrow.

Learning that we were going to Mataro, the innkeeper decided, in his wisdom, that he would have us for passengers, for he was going there

himself. As we were determined pedestrians, we could not accept his offer without resistance; but he seduced us by his cheap fares, undertaking to drive us both to Mataro for about thirty-six French sous.

By the dawn of day we were shaking along the rough road in a car—a true Spanish *carro*, without springs, and driven by a boy. It was rough riding; but, in about three-quarters of an hour, the rising sun suddenly showed us a long, broad, blue line. It was the Mediterranean. The little boy held out his whip towards the sea, and cried out to us, "*el Mar!*" In a few minutes we heard the harmonious sound of the waves breaking on the beach.

We descended a hill. Behind us were some fine rocks, of rather a yellow colour, which detached themselves boldly from the blue sky, and formed a frame to the landscape. The sea was at our feet. In the horizon the sky and water were commingled. Now and then a white sail shot across the waves, like a ray of light. Close to us enormous aloes were growing in the *débris* of the coast, their broad, thick, jagged leaves looking like saws, and their thin stems shooting up from them like bamboo canes. The breeze, charged with the perfumes of fruits and flowers, of land and sea, made us almost insensible to the heat of the sun. As we went on along the coast, we had a panorama of little sea-port towns, retaining much of the old

Moorish character. The boats, the primitive-looking ships, adding to the beauty and orientality of the picture. All these ports, thrown at short distances from each other, stood along the beach, and looked across the sea, having terraces and vineyards behind them. Occasionally we saw on our right the ruins of a Moorish watch-tower.

Thus we passed Calella, with its antique church, the modern San-Pol, Canet del Mar, and Arenña del Mar. These two last villages were uncommonly lively, for they had some manufactories, and shipbuilders were at work on the brink of the sea. Giraud and I descended from the *carro*, and while we were sketching, the barber went on with his story.

"My gentlemen and knights," said he, "the theatrical candle-snuffer got me into the house, but it was upon very hard conditions. I was not to applaud Theresa, as I had been wont to do; nay, I was to hiss and hoot her! You ask me why? I will tell you.

"All the actresses had grown furiously jealous of that angel, for all Cadiz was mad about her; the proprietors of the theatre, seeing her so vehemently applauded, fancied that her head would be turned, or that she would demand some great increase of salary. So a little company was formed to abate the enthusiasm of the pit and the pride of the favourite actress. I was offered a place in that company. What could I do? By accepting,

I could at least continue to see Theresa, and I could applaud her in my heart, though bound to hiss her with my lips.

"But I soon grew weary of this silent admiration, and heartily sick of my comrades, who were, for the most part, vulgar fellows, without any taste for the delicate pleasures of the stage. One night, when Theresa was quite sublime, I forgot myself, and clapped my hands, and applauded with all my might.

"'What are you doing? Are you mad?' said one of my comrades of the hissing department. I only applauded the louder. As the green baize fell, the chief of the band fell upon me, and a loud quarrel ensued in the pit. Some cried, 'Turn out those dogs! turn out those drunkards!' but others, understanding some of the dispute, took my part.

"The chief of the band and I rushed out of the theatre to settle the quarrel with our knives, and a good many of the audience followed us, for Spaniards have a natural taste for this kind of *duello*. It was my first affair, and I was rather frightened; but what would I not have done for the adorable Theresa. We all plunged together into a narrow street. Some of the spectators suggested, that as the quarrel was not of a very grave nature, we ought to use only half of the knife blade; and this was agreed upon to their satisfaction; although half a blade was quite enough to

kill a man. My adversary took off his jacket, and rolled it round his left arm to make a buckler of it, as I had often seen practised in our mountains. I followed his example, and we drew our knives. *Per Dios!* I have never separated from my knife since that day; and here it is."

He produced a long Catalan blade, with his device upon it:—'*Soy defensor de mi Dueno solo*' (I defend only my master).

"Knife in hand," continued the barber, "we drew close together, each watching the moment to strike. My adversary tries the first blow, I parry it, but his knife cuts through my jacket, and grazes my left arm. This makes my blood boil; I rush upon him, he gives way, I follow him up, and deal such rapid and furious strokes, that he cannot guard against them all. His shirt is already red with blood. This view fills me with a savage joy. I try to finish my victory; I get wounded in my turn, and a mist swims before my eyes. But youth is the season of luck; my enemy drops on the ground, grinding his teeth.

"The rogue was not dead, and I have had further acquaintance with him since then. Some of his friends carried him off. As for me, I was surrounded and applauded by nearly all those who had followed to witness the combat as a curious, interesting sight; and who, if I had been brought down, would probably have left me to die in the street like a dog. They dragged me into a wine-

shop near the theatre, and examined my wounds. More frightened than hurt, my jacket had suffered much more than my skin. Until I was told, I was not aware of all the merit for which they praised me. It appeared that I had given the chief of the hissing department a rare and admirable stroke, such as few had ever seen in a knife duel. Some admirers of Theresa could not felicitate me enough. In the twinkling of an eye I had almost become a great personage—a hero.

"I was, however, somewhat disquieted by the thought that my man might die, and that the police would then look into the affair. But one of my admirers coolly said, 'the Cadiz police never notice these trifles; they would have too much to do if they did.'

"I was going to leave the wine-shop, when my friend, the lighter of the lamps, glided up to me in a mysterious manner, and whispered,—'If you have courage enough to be on the Alameda at midnight, perhaps you may meet some one who does not give such rendezvous to everybody.' I thought it might be Theresa. My head was in the sky, and, without fear or hesitation, I hastened to the Alameda. I had been waiting there about a quarter of an hour, when——"

"Halt there!" cried I. "Our sketches are finished, and we must reach Mataro before dark."

CHAPTER X.

MATARO.—BADALONA.—EPISODE OF THE HISTORY OF 1840.—TRAGICAL DEATH.

THE worst moment of the day, for a traveller in Spain, is that on which he has to look for his night's lodging. All the pleasure is on the road: the pain begins when he enters the *posada*. Our car-driver had given us the address of an inn-keeper in Mataro, in whose house, he assured us, we should find everything we could wish. We repaired to the house with confidence. It was a mere hovel, in one corner of which a great table was set out. A few mariners, a few peasants, and a few muleteers were sitting there, and the hostess was protecting them from the flies and gnats and other insects by waving a great coarse fan before them.

These fans, in very common use throughout the Peninsula, are made of stiff paper with a long piece of stick for the handle. They served us something to eat, but the hostess did not fan us as she did the muleteers, so that the insects ate more of us, than we ate of the supper.

There was not much to be seen in Mataro, but 'ts old quarter and its new and beautiful street

are worth seeing. Some of the old houses were thoroughly Moresque. The port is very pretty, and entirely made by the hand of nature. On a height there is a strong old fort, which might afford a formidable position in time of war. On leaving the town, the road was delightful, continuing to run close along the sea-shore. On our right were gentle hills sprinkled with country-houses, and a little farther on we saw, between the summits of the hills and the blue sky, Cabrera, Vilasar, and other picturesque villages. We walked on very slowly, enjoying the cool sea breeze. Some jovial souls, sitting under vine-trellises by the road-side, called out to us and invited us to drink with them. Remnants of Moorish architecture were very frequent. We passed a village school, where little girls repeated in chorus the verses of the service-book, which their mistress read to them. Then we were present at a fishing or a drawing of nets on the beach—a lively and charming scene.

It was not late when we reached Badalona; but we were very much fatigued. Unhappily, all the inns of the town were crowded, and we were obliged to put up with a small, dirty, dark closet, without any window, except a hole left in the roof by removing a tile. In that horrible hole the heat was smothering, and the swarm of mosquitoes uncountable. When Giraud woke the next morning, I hardly knew him, so much

had the bites of the insects swelled and transformed his countenance.

"My faith," said he, "I shall remember the mosquitoes of Badalona!"

"My friend, your complexion rivals that of a boiled lobster."

"Never mind," replied he; "the fleas will no longer bite me, the mosquitoes have left them no room."

What was my astonishment, on inquiring for our Andalusian barber, to find that he had vanished. Too wise to go into such an oven as ours, he had sat up, smoking his cigar in the court-yard. In the middle of the night a carriage stopped at the *posada*, and in the carriage were a gentleman and a lady,—the lady, as a matter of course, being charming. Our barber had shown profound emotions at the sight of her, and had gone off after the carriage like a lapwing. This was all we could learn in the inn yard. Was it Theresa the barber was following? We have never known, and have never since set our eyes upon our amusing Figaro.

We bathed in the sea, and, refreshed by the bath and invigorated by the cool morning air, we strode on for Barcelona. The aspect of the country, and the number of passengers on the road, announced that we were approaching a great city. Pretty country-houses in the midst of verdant gardens showed themselves, and carros,

and galeras, calecas, and all manner of Spanish vehicles, met or passed us. In about two hours we entered the ancient capital of Catalonia, Barcelona, the sea-devoted, where Romans, Goths, Moors, and Spaniards have reigned in succession; where Columbus, after traversing the ocean, came to offer a New World to his patroness, Queen Isabella. I must confess, however, that our first thoughts were neither about the Romans nor the illustrious Genoese; but about an inn. A short walk brought us to a good one, bearing the sign of the Galera—clean, comfortable, and moderate in prices. The sight of a well-aired room, two commodious beds, and snow-white sheets, was almost too much for us.

Here we found a Frenchman,—a Provençal and quack doctor. We were told that he did not kill more people than were usually expedited by a diplomatized physician. . . . . .

* * * * *

The heat was still excessive, but we braved it in thin linen jackets. Giraud, so fond of a brown complexion, had an equal passion for a perfectly clean white jacket. Close under the windows of our hotel we saw young servant-girls, with naked arms and feet, and their dresses tucked up, washing clothes, as kings' daughters in the days of Homer. But these damsels would not wash for everybody. In Spain, to wish a thing to be done, and to get it done by paying for it, are two very

different things. A Spaniard always says *Yes*, only he never moves to do what you ask. You repeat your request, and he never says *No*,—he only remains as inactive as before. Tired of this sort of war, Giraud skirmished in among the washer-women, who willingly made room for him; and in a couple of hours he had the whitest jacket in all Barcelona.

Our first walk in Barcelona led us down to the sea-side. The *siesta*, or after-dinner sleep, was just over, and the world was moving. All the mariners were up and doing; their boats, pushed off for the high sea, gracefully balancing themselves on the waves. We remained there to watch the glorious sunset, and its effects on the sea, hills, and mountains. We then directed our steps to the promenade of Vista-Alegre (the cheerful sight) with a Frenchman we had met. Waves of people were floating out of the town to the same pleasant spot. Three men went along singing a national song, accompanying themselves with a guitar, a mandoline, and a pair of castanets. They were not street musicians, but veritable amateurs, singing for their own pleasure. They had neither the vanity nor the ability of professional musicians: but it was impossible to turn into ridicule their simple confidence in the midst of that crowd, their happy expression, and the friendly looks they exchanged with those who listened to them. Moreover, the music itself had

powerful and singular charms: and there are moments when a simple chant in the open country, or on the sea-shore, moves and touches you a thousand times more than the finest air in the opera-house.

Notwithstanding the conspicuous space it occupies in Spanish history, Barcelona contains very few *souvenirs* of ancient times. It looks like a city built yesterday. The most one finds of antique date is a series of *débris* of Roman architecture. There are a few ancient columns buried in a wall in one street, and in the court-yard of another street there are six other columns, pompously and absurdly designated "the Tomb of Hercules." Add a few broken inscriptions, one or two sarcophagi, and some Moorish baths, and you have all that is presented to the attention of the archæologist or the artist. But Barcelona possesses a number of elegant edifices of more recent periods; and among them, some charming houses of the time of the emperor Charles V. One of these last, which belongs to the duke of Medina Cœli, is flanked by two square turrets, the bases of which are bound together by a beautiful cordon of sculpture. The gateway, in a very pure style, is ornamented by columnettes, with heads bearing garlands. Time, in wearing away some of the lower part of the columns, has not much injured the delicacy of the work, but, like other good artists, has introduced simplicity according with

marvellous richness. Above the gate, the arms of the family are beautifuly sculptured. The windows are of rare elegance; surmounted by groups of children supporting escutcheons, and flanked by portraits and medallions, which are surrounded by delicate and infinitely-varied carvings. The interior of the court-yard is half Moorish and half Italian. On the first floor of the building there is a sort of cloister; the gallery of which is supported by tall fluted columns with Corinthian capitals; the balustrades are all of marble. Unfortunately, the arcades of the cloister on the left-hand side are now walled up, to the injury of the effect of the whole.

One day we went to the Town Hall, on the Square of the Constitution: the person who accompanied us made us remark a house of modest appearance, very different from the mansion of the duke of Medina Cœli, but which, nevertheless, merited the momentary attention of the traveller. It was there that one of the most horrible episodes of the last civil war, so rich in horrors, was completed. It was the house of the advocate Balmes, the heroic advocate of Barcelona.

In 1840, when Espartero allowed a terrible insurrection, which soon spread over the whole of Spain and drove the queen-regent from the country, Maria Christina had many devoted partisans in Barcelona, but not one so enthusiastic as the young advocate Balmes. He was a man of

the strictest probity; thoroughly a man of honour; impetuous, proud, and courageous even to folly. Young as he was, he was considered as chief of the Moderate party. He had seen with grief the arrival in Catalonia of the queen-regent and the young queen her daughter, and from the first day of their sojourn in Barcelona, he had dreaded the turbulence of a city, so notorious for its revolutionary opinions. Nor did he less fear the condescensions which Espartero prodigalized to the enemies of monarchy. This commander-in-chief allowed the mob of the town to besiege Maria Christina in her palace. Balmes and his party did all that men could do, to calm the popular effervescence and to prove to the queen-mother that she had friends and defenders. On the 21st of August, the Moderates made a manifestation, which proved only their numerical inferiority. Balmes supported this movement; and, as his monarchical opinions were well known in Barcelona, he was particularly remarked. A group of the revolutionists threw themselves upon him; he was insulted and pursued until he got to his own house and closed his door. It is said that personal enemies watched the house all night to make sure that he should not escape from their vengeance.

On the morrow, irresistibly attracted to the streets by that bitter curiosity, by that strange fever which seizes on men in the burning atmo-

sphere of civil convulsions, Balmes went out. He was scarcely in the street ere he was abused, pressed upon from every side, and already lost. The unhappy man saw his destiny; but, instead of returning, he walked on; he provoked attacks, he seemed to enjoy his unpopularity and his risk of death. A man of the mob laid his hand upon him; Balmes drew a pistol from under his cloak, and laid the man at his feet. He then escaped from that furious crowd, and, by an indirect road, got back to his own house. But there he was soon surrounded by a furious mob—shrieking, yelling, cursing, for his blood. He barricaded himself and fought heroically. Every minute the window behind which he posted himself gave out the report of a musket, and many of his assailants fell mortally wounded. They were, however, too numerous, and had too strong an appetite for blood. After rushing, like madmen, against the strong door, they threw themselves into the next houses, and broke through the partition walls. It was all over with poor Balmes! the breach was open—the rabble close to him. He exclaimed, "You shall have only my corpse!" and killed himself.

At present Spain is as calm as she was agitated a few years ago. It is to be hoped that she has profited by her sad experience. . . . .

CHAPTER XI.

CATHEDRAL AT BARCELONA.—VISIT TO M. DE LESSEPS.—DEPARTURE FOR TARAGONA.—STEAM, DILIGENCES, GALERAS, CAREOS, ASSES, MULES, ETC.

On entering the cathedral we found another memento of the insurrection of 1840. When Queen Christina and her daughter Isabella arrived at Barcelona, at ten o'clock at night, they went directly to the chapel of St. Eulalia, a saint of grand reputation, particularly honoured in the metropolitan church. Until the hour of midnight the queen-mother and her daughter remained on their knees in this chapel. It seemed that they foresaw the necessity of a powerful intercession against the perils and the snares which were preparing for them.

The cathedral, built on the ruins of a pagan temple, on the highest point of the old town, commands all Barcelona. To reach the portico you have to ascend a wide and grand flight of steps. The façade, unfortunately, is painted in bad fresco. In the interior, the silence of the place, the majesty of the nave, the depth of the galleries, the elegance of the pillars, united with one another by a balcony, light and elegant as a piece

of lace-work; the solidity of the columns, supporting colossal arches at a prodigous height; the half-day mysterious light which reigns overhead, command admiration and devotional feeling. This cathedral, like all those I have seen in Spain, owes a powerful and irresistible charm to the distribution of light. The rays of the sun are generally so distributed that the pictures and statues are shown out, whilst other objects are massed in broad but not dull shades. It is in this way that objects of art are seen to the best advantage. Nature is brought to the aid of art; and architecture, so arranged, admits the best light for painting and statuary. It seems to me that our artists might learn a great deal from these old churches of the Peninsula.

The lateral chapels, closed by imposing iron gates dating from the fifteenth century, contain a number of very remarkable pictures. Most of them appear to be as old as the time of Giotto and Ocayna. All have the simplicity and freshness of sentiment of those olden times.

The semicircular colonnade, near the high altar, enriched with gilding, and beautiful blue stones, with bas-reliefs in white marble; and the organ, covered with carving, amongst which was a huge Saracen's head (in memory, no doubt, of the defeat of the Moors), arrested our attention. The choristers' stalls were very intricately worked in wood; each of them was surmounted by the

escutcheon of one of the knights on whom the Emperor Charles V. conferred the Golden Fleece, about the year 1519; when he inaugurated the order in the cathedral of Barcelona. Among these escutcheons, not far from that of Henry the Eighth of England, we were delighted to discover the arms of our own Francis I.

We devoted our days to visiting the buildings and monuments; and our evenings to promenading. We paraded the Rambla, which was much frequented, resembling our Boulevards a good deal, and the Pasea Nueva, the shady avenues of which were charming from their solitude. It was pleasant to be seated in those refreshing plots, where jetting fountains played uninterruptedly. Sometimes we bent our steps towards the Plaza del Mar, which opened upon the mole, where the public gardens, filled with statues and splendid flowers, were situated.

We had been eight days at Barcelona, and seen pretty nearly all that was to be seen, when we began to feel that itch peculiar to travellers, to get on and keep moving. The road to Tarragona being somewhat unpicturesque, we were advised to take the diligence to Valencia. This was a conveyance which started every Thursday, travelling by short stages, and remaining on the road for about a week. The fare was forty duros—about twenty-one francs—a head. It was clear that we could not pass cheaper through so many places.

We took our places, then, and having completed our arrangements, called upon M. de Lesseps, the French consul at Barcelona, who occupied one of the finest houses in the Rambla.

I had already been acquainted with M. de Lesseps at Lisbon, where he began his career as consul; and my family was very well known to him: our reception, therefore, was warm. As soon as I had presented Giraud, he interrupted me, exclaiming, "I know him well by reputation. I had admired his beautiful productions in water-colours, long before his two pictures had made his name famous." Giraud bowed and bit his lips. He was evidently ill at ease. Like an unnatural parent, my friend had taken a thorough dislike to these two offsprings of his imagination. In spite of the publicity, through engravings and other means, which was given to them, Giraud never liked their immense success, and could not bear to hear them praised without impatience. I felt tempted to prolong his torment; but, moved by his supplicating glance, I turned the conversation into another channel.

M. de Lesseps insisted on keeping us a few days at Barcelona: I begged him to excuse us; our places were booked, and we must be off on the morrow. "Why should I not confess to you," he then said, "that my anxiety to retain you, is not quite disinterested. I should very

much have wished a portrait of my son. I have had the misfortune of recently losing one of my children; and I feel how painful it is to have nothing to remind me of him." I knew Giraud too well to hesitate. "Then we will not set off for two days," said I instantly; and my friend hastened to confirm this promise. What we said was done. We passed the next day at the consulate. The little boy wore a Valentian costume, which suited him admirably; and half in water-colour and half in chalks, Giraud has always succeeded in making a charming portrait. After dinner there was an evening party, where friend Giraud had all the honours. While Madame de Lesseps entertained her company, and sherbets and ices were served round, the consul took me aside to the embrasure of a window. From the first words he uttered in a low voice I discovered that he wanted to pay for the portrait. "Monsieur," said I, interrupting him, "I cannot even mention such a thing to Giraud. He would be very angry—he is getting angry already—see, he is looking at us through the corners of his eyes." M. de Lesseps laughed, and declared he was beaten. But, as we were taking our departure, Giraud found his hat filled to the brim with magnificent Cuba cigars, and M. de Lesseps placed in my hands a letter, in which he warmly recommended us to all the French consuls in Spain. It will soon be seen, when we

get to Malaga, how useful this letter was to us. We left this excellent man with deep regret. We heard his praises from every mouth; he is perhaps, of all Frenchmen, the one best known and the most esteemed by the Spaniards.

The next day we set out for Tarragona. Behold us then again restored to the pleasures of our pedestrian travelling. For the benefit of those who may be inclined to follow our example, a few hints may now be given as to the best mode of proceeding in the Peninsula. As for me, I hold that the happiest traveller is he who can throw away all baggage and impediments, and trudge it manfully on foot, with a knapsack on his shoulders. But at this time, at the risk of exhausting our purse, we had resolved to carry some baggage with us, in order to have a decent black coat and garments more fit for society than those we were wearing out in the road. So long as we were near the coast, we could send our luggage by sea; and when in the interior, we counted on being able to send it from town to town on the back of a mule. The carriage by sea is certainly preferable, for then you get rid of the sight for six or eight days at a time, of your abominably troublesome portmanteau, which I hate as I do a certain nameless personage. But the steamboat is not always ready; in that case you are obliged to find some shipbroker, and down the money for the freight.

But you must also take good care to put no contraband or prohibited articles into your *malle*. To get well through the Spanish custom-houses, you ought to have few effects, and only such as are proper for an artist. The bottom of our portmanteau was stuffed full of Spanish costumes, which we had purchased in old clothes shops, or from the backs of Catalonian peasants. They were very fine, no doubt, in a picturesque and artistical sense; but not a custom-house officer in all Spain would have given sixpence for them.

The voyage along the coast from Marseilles to Cadiz is performed, turn and turn about, by Spanish steamers and French steamers. You are sure to find one of these vessels twice a week at least: they stop at Port Vendres, Rosas, and Barcelona. Lower down the coast, their resting-places are Tarragona, Valencia, Alicant, Carthagena, Almeria, Malaga, and Algesiras: they never stop at Gibraltar. A beautiful voyage may thus be made, without fatigue, all along the sea-coast —but is this the way to see and know Spain?

Generally the steamers set out at night, and reach some city at the break of day, but stop for so short a space, as scarcely allow time enough to take a glimpse of the new manners you ought to study. In winter the coast is dangerous, and at that season travellers usually proceed by land. The Spanish diligence certainly travels faster than the French; but, good heavens! over what rough

roads does it gallop you! The high roads of the Peninsula put travellers to a painful test. Spanish roadmakers, or roadmenders, are above putting out their strength on their work. You see them carrying a few stones in a little straw-basket, scarcely big enough to serve a housewife for her marketing-basket. They are very much afraid of *coups de soleil*, and take great care of themselves, so that they are all in excellent health, while the roads are left in a deplorable condition. The men who have always seen them in the same state think very little about it. Ruts, deep ruts, and large loose rolling stones—here are most of your Spanish roads.

But the foreigner, unaccustomed to be bumped and shaken, almost to the dislocation of his limbs, *pestes* and swears, to the astonishment of his Spanish fellow-travellers. I say nothing of the clouds of dust raised by the galloping mules and the wheels of the diligence! Hair, eyebrows, whiskers, and beard get powdered to one hue by it till they are all white. To prevent suffocation, you must shut your teeth and strain your lips closely together; to escape being blinded, you must shut your eyes as vigorously as you can. The approach of the diligence is announced by a deafening noise of bells, and by a loud rumbling like the sound of a distant sea-storm. There you see it coming on through an immense ud of dust, which shoots up into the air like

a water-spout. Then you begin to see faintly, and gradually, the heads of the mules; the mayoral, or chief coachman, gravely seated on his box; the postilion, or *delantero*, who is also called the "condemned to death," and at last the *zagal*, who runs on foot by the side of the carriage, or jumps from one mule to another, to urge it on by voice and gesture. To those who ask why the *delantero* is named the "condemned to death," I answer that the title is justly given to him. The *delantero* is very often a boy of some twelve or sixteen years of age, who, mounted on the leading mule, is obliged to remain in the saddle the whole length of the journey, sometimes for three days and nights. The mule is changed, but the *delantero* never. The diligence itself only stops an hour or two in the summer season to abandon the route to the devouring heat of this *tierra del fuego*, and in winter time a few hours in the night. This is all the rest allowed to the poor boy, who takes a nap in the couch to which he is chained. Is he not truly a creature condemned to death?

The journey in the galera is not so inconvenient as that by the diligence, but it has its discomforts. It has no springs, and is always drawn at a walking pace. Travellers are packed and crammed into it in such a manner that no one can move except by consent or in common with his fellow-passengers. Your legs are not in their

natural position, your feet are on a level with your chest, your knees knock against your chin. The galera is really made for baggage, and not for passengers, who are there only as supplementary to the luggage. One crawls in and seats himself as best he can; on a straw mat, or on a chest, or on a bale of wool or cotton. It often happens that in an hour or so, the passenger finds himself hoisted up a stage higher. At other times, he suddenly finds himself brought down a stage lower; lying at the feet of his companions, according to the flux and reflux of the goods taken in or discharged, at the different large towns on the road.

The galera is long, heavy, and flanked by four enormous wheels. It is covered by a trellis of reeds, over which some canvas is thrown. The equipage is composed of a *mayoral*, the conductor, and a *zagal*, the postilion. The mayoral is perfect king of his vehicle, lording it over the travellers, whom he treats with the haughtiness of a true Castilian. He never troubles himself about them, but devotes his attention solely to his own creature-comforts of eating and sleeping. The zagal's situation is much less grateful; all the cares of the journey are thrown upon him; he has to superintend both beasts and passengers. He prohibits smoking in the carriage for fear of fire, and obliges the reluctant Spaniard to put out his dangerous *papelito*. At the end of the

journey he attends to the food and stabling of the mules. He mounts, he jumps down, he busies himself with the harness; he calls the mules by their names, and gives a crack of the whip to one, or throws stones at another. Now you will see him run on before to reconnoitre the road, anon he loiters behind to see that the packages are all in their places. He it is, too, who looks to the safety of the passengers when descending the steep hills. Climbing up to the top of the galera, and seizing a long pole, of which he makes as good use as a rudder, he pushes it with all his might against one of the wheels, and thus checks the velocity of the descent. It is scarcely necessary to say that the zagal is not nearly so well paid as the mayoral. As to the mules, in number about eight or ten, they drag on very quietly, and, in spite of the zagal's zeal, never get out of their slow and regular pace. Generally the galera starts before daybreak, and travels without stopping till night; accomplishing about fifteen or sixteen miles during that time. But what a journey for the poor travellers! Truly, the galera or galley is no misnomer.

The *carros* are little galeras appropriated to passengers only. Like the latter, the *carro* does not go upon springs, but it travels pretty rapidly: some of them reminded us of our omnibuses. We should be tempted to recommend these con-

veyances to future travellers in the Peninsula; but we have still to mention the real Spanish mode of travelling, that, namely, of mule and donkey riding; a custom which the Moors have transmitted to their conquerors.

The journey by mule is decidedly the most picturesque and agreeable; besides which (and this last consideration is by no means to be overlooked) it is the most economical. At the tavern frequented by the muleteers, you are sure to find one or two of those *arrieros*, whose profession it is to carry merchandize from town to town. If you add a few pence to the sum demanded for the carriage of their load, they will be delighted to give you a lift. We once paid only five francs for a donkey, who carried us, turn and turn about (for we always rode), from Malaga to Ronda, a journey of more than eight-and-forty hours. That, however, was a rare case. Generally the hire of an ass is five francs a-day; that of a mule mounts sometimes as high as ten francs. If you have much baggage, the muleteer goes to your hotel, weighs your boxes and bales, and decides, in the twinkling of an eye, what number of mules is necessary for their transport. Having concluded your bargain, they proceed to load the beast, which done, all is ready for starting. An *arriero* raises you by the foot to the top of the bales; there you are installed, allowing your legs to hang down on each side of the

animal's neck, and you may then fancy yourself in your easy-chair. All you need care about is to preserve your equilibrium, or you run a chance of breaking your neck. Now and then the muleteers are kind enough to caution you. "A little more to the right"—"lean to the left," they shout out; and, thanks to their charitable warnings, you soon become expert in this new style of equitation. The best way of getting on is not to think of guiding the beast, but to allow him the bridle. When the night begins to fall, the mule lowers his head in the difficult parts of the road, and smells the spot before placing his foot on it. If the animal should allow his laziness to overcome him, you must stimulate him with an emphatic "*arre*" (the Arabs still say *arra*). It is the "gee-up" of the Spaniards. If the mule turn obstinate, and the *arriero* comes to your assistance, you must be on your guard; for, with the stick which he carries behind his back, something in the fashion of a harlequin's wand, he hits the brute so roughly, that he begins kicking viciously. The rider, who has hitherto contrived to balance himself on the bales, has now no other resource but to seize hold of the mane and long ears of the mule, if he wish to escape a roll in the dust.

Nothing can be more interesting to observe than a string of mules on a dark winter's night. The ease with which these intelligent animals

know how to pick out their route is perfectly marvellous. On the road to Granada I was struck with the patient wisdom of a donkey which led the whole troop. A heavy rain was falling, which added to the pitchy darkness of the night: the road defiled through the midst of mountains; the ass climbed, descended, coasted the rivers, and found out the fords, invariably taking the shortest turnings; and all this without the muleteers concerning themselves in the least about it. The whole cavalcade followed step by step, never swerving a jot from the road which their leader had chosen. The *arrieros* are in the habit of remaining in the rear; sometimes mounting on the mule which is nearest to them. When they get sleepy, they stretch themselves on the bales, thrust their hat under one of their shoulders to make them a pillow, and then resign themselves to slumber, without any inconvenience from the movements of the beast. But one must be an *arriero* before he can sleep in the midst of such discomfort. In the hostelries they make beds out of the pack-saddles of their beasts. A Spaniard always carries his mattress. This is a bag filled either with chopped straw or with hay. Just as they chance to enter, they spread this strange kind of couch on the ground; some in the kitchen, others in the stable, or perhaps on the stairs. The picturesque aspect which the *posada* presents on the traveller's rrival at evening, is an agreeable wind-up to his

day's journey. The mules are generally stabled in a vault, where they keep up a continual tinkling with their bells. The posts and the walls are quickly covered with their ornamented harness. At the end of a large room is the kitchen: a kind of partition surrounded by matted seats, where the hostess, with an iron spoon in her hand, distributes oil plentifully on all sides, and prepares provisions for the *arrieros* who fill the place.

We left Barcelona at a round gallop, and were soon tossing about in all corners of the diligence like dice in a dice-box. Every jolt knocked us against one another. In one of the concussions I was sent, ram fashion, full-butt against the chest of Giraud, who had actually fallen asleep in the midst of all that incredible pell-mell, and he was violently shot up against the hard panelling of the vehicle. To any one but Giraud the shock would have been terrible; but he was protected from all bruises by that plenteous forest of hair with which his head is adorned, and which in Madrid had roused the envy of Dumas himself.

We stopped to dine at Villa-Franca. Our eyebrows and moustaches and all our clothes were so thickly covered with dust, that we could not forbear laughing at each other's appearance. Giraud's neighbour set about dusting himself without scruple, and made himself a little more presentable, at our expense. This we allowed him to do without interruption; but as soon as we entered

the inn, we gave him back all the dust with which he had favoured us, with interest. Dinner was soon over; and when the host had appeared, and made known to us, at the pitch of his voice, the price of the wines and the eatables, a young damsel approached, and, resting one hand on her hip, waved over our heads one of those large fans which cool the air so refreshingly, and of which the hostess at Mataro had refused us the use. We had not time enough to see Villa-Franca. We just had a glimpse of the new promenade, which appeared to be very pretty; and of the church, with its steeple crowned by an angel of bronze. It is said that Villa-Franca was the first part of Catalonia where the Carthagenians established themselves; being attracted no doubt by the fertile plains of Penarès: and that one of their leaders, Amilcar Barcino, was its founder. No vestige, however, of those remote times can be traced within its walls.

Remounting the diligence, and driving at full speed by the side of bogs and marshes, we had a passing glimpse of the little town of S——, prettily situated on a declivity. It is celebrated for its excellent wines.

At Oberdola, a Spanish fellow-traveller pointed out some deep excavations in the rocks, and gave us to understand that they were supposed to be Roman tombs. We passed the town of Vendrell; but there we saw nothing remarkable.

The women, who were at work in the centre of the principal street, watched us with tranquil looks as we clattered rapidly through, and then relapsed into their usual monotonous silence. The country which we traversed was smiling and luxuriant: Vines and olive-trees intertwined their foliage; and rich corn-fields showed where the hand of man had been busy. The peasants of these parts, probably the most active of their class in the Peninsula, in cultivating their fields still practise the ancient method of irrigation which the Moors had taught to their forefathers. We passed under the triumphal arch of Bara; *Portal del Bara*, as it is called by the Spanish. It was built in the time of Trajan. We were struck by its air of noble simplicity, and by the beautiful tints which time had spread upon the freestone. The empty niches, long deserted by their statues, gave it a melancholy and neglected look, which added still more to the severity of its majestic appearance. We afterwards passed the keep and prison of Torredembara. Not far off a ruined chateau raised its old tower, overlooking the sea. At length we arrived at Tarragona; blinded, battered, and thoroughly exhausted.

Tarragona is built on the summit of huge rocks more than seven hundred feet high; commanding a view of that same Mediterranean which, in by-gone days, it studded with innu-

merable vessels. For more than a century it has in vain offered an admirable maritime position to Spain. It seems as though a sort of fatality hangs over this town, which former generations beheld so flourishing; by degrees mankind has deserted its ramparts; and its inhabitants have suffered many successive vicissitudes. The ancient colony of Phœnicians was subjected in its turn to other conquerors. The Romans, in whose wake civilization always followed, left records of their occupation, in the aqueducts, palaces, temple, and amphitheatre, which they erected. The Scipios built walls around it; and the Emperors Augustus and Adrian had visited it. Then came the irruption of the Barbarians from the Pyrenees. The Goths invaded the town and port, massacred the inhabitants, and utterly destroyed the place. The Moors followed afterwards, and showed themselves just as merciless. Louis of Aquitain drove them out, but it was soon retaken by the Moors, and at the beginning of the thirteenth century it was still in their possession. But in the history of the world we read of certain cities which seem doomed to periodical destruction. From the seventeenth century down to our own times, Tarragona has been the scene of several memorable sieges. It was taken in 1640 by Philip IV., against whom its citizens had revolted. In 1713 it was burnt by the English.

A century afterwards, in 1813, it fell into the hands of the French army under Marshal Suchet. The town, which has been so often devastated, now contains only 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants; although in the time of the Emperor Adrian, who repaired its ramparts, it held a very considerable population.

Our first care on arrival was to ask the way to the cathedral. We expected to behold a great work, and, to say truth, we were not disappointed. Nowhere had we seen a happier combination, or a closer union of the Gothic style of architecture with the Moorish. The chief honour of its construction is due to St. Oldegas; under whose orders and inspection the Norman builders worked, in conjunction with the Saracens. It is approached by a vast flight of stairs, which at first interrupts the full view of the building, but at the same time gives it a character of majesty and grandeur.

The principal gateway, with high and pointed arches, seems, from its altitude, to fly the sight. On both sides of the entrance the statues of the Twelve Apostles are placed in Gothic niches. In the middle, crowning the archway, rises a statue of the Virgin. The base on which the statue rests forms the key of the arch, and is composed of one single block of marble, on which are carved five bas-reliefs, representing the creation of man, and the life of Adam down to the Fall.

The Virgin holds the infant Christ in her arms. The arrangement of the drapery is flowing and simple; in the quaint style of the fourteenth century. Beneath the Virgin is a fine figure of the Saviour, in the attitude of imploring emperors and popes. It is attributed to Fra Bartolomeo. The exterior of the church is relieved with marble. The façade, carved with Gothic roses, is of great simplicity, and enhances the effect of the richness of the details. The unknown artificers of the middle ages were not ignorant of the art of contrast; and knew how to reject superabundant ornament, when it detracted from the severity of the design. The gates are of wood, plated with iron panels, thickly studded with nails of beautiful workmanship. The knockers, representing a monster, who is stifling another in the convolutions of its wreathed folds, are also finely executed. These, as well as the ironwork of the door, were presented to the cathedral by the Archbishop Gonzalo, of the family of Medina-Cœli, whose arms are still to be seen on one of the panels.

The interior of the cathedral is simple but grand, and of a beautiful grey tint, exceedingly harmonious to the sight. While we were there the groups scattered about, of curious gazers and kneeling and praying devotees, heightened the effect of the picture. The screen of the high altar almost reaches the ceiling, presenting that tender grey tint which is so harmonious. In its

centre compartment is a statue of the Virgin, and at the sides are ten of the Apostles; all of a size larger than life. The principal subjects of the bas-reliefs present the martyrdom of Saint Thecla, the protecting saint of Tarragona. To the right and left of the high altar are several small doors ornamented in the Gothic style in admirable taste. They communicate with the choir, the decorations of which are also very beautiful. The organ is in the renaissance style; its fluted and lofty columns surmounted with Gothic capitals. In the walls of the cathedral are many Roman tombs, all too small to contain bodies. Adjoining them we observed some sculptured heads, some of which were very expressive. We stopped before the tomb of an archbishop of Tarragona, the historian Antonio Augusta, who, as early as the sixteenth century, had already begun to lament the decadence of that great town.

The cloisters of this beautiful cathedral are built in the form of a square, each side of which is faced by six large Roman arches. Each of these arches is subdivided into three smaller ones, supported by shafts of white marble. The marble columns are so placed as to stand two by two; but they are united at the top by one single capital, richly sculptured, and all of different designs. It seems as if the ingenious artist had done his utmost to exhaust the fecundity of his chisel by the variety of its creations. Here one

sees fruits, flowers, and foliage heaped together, and there groups of birds, of children, and of various heads, capriciously mingled; and farther off could be seen a succession of these whimsical and strange compositions. The generations of holy men who have passed a life of meditation, penitence, and prayer beneath these arches, in looking at these columns must oftentimes have found that consolation and forgetfulness of self which the study of the miracles of art is apt to produce in such as have suffered much.

Some years ago I visited, in the south of France, the ruins of a monastery, some of the ornamental details of which much resembled these capitals of the cloisters of Tarragona. I was accompanied by an old priest, who, in his youth, had been one of the last inhabitants which the revolution of 1789 had driven away from the once peaceful retreats of that forsaken monastery. It is scarcely possible to conceive the pleasure which the worthy man took in pointing out the thousand hidden beauties of the place, and the old relics half-concealed in the high rank grass. He never ceased talking. I shall not easily forget the childlike joy to which he gave way at the sight of a rich fragment of sculpture half destroyed by some ruthless hand, which represented some old forgotten legend of the middle ages. He seemed to grow young again in recalling the old times, and communicated his enthusiasm to me. The

scene became again repeopled, and I felt almost as much interested as himself. It was like listening to the recital of some ancient poem; some touching tale of the times when religion, chivalry, and love inflamed the soul with their joint influence. Among these ruins, mute witnesses of the past, the old man awoke from the depth of his breast, where they had long slumbered like ghosts, as memories of forgotten dreams! with fond pleasure he retraced the endless and imaginative ecstasies which formerly sanctified his silent wanderings beneath those solitary arches. On our return, however, to the parsonage in the evening, the charm was broken. I tried to question him further—but his memory was gone.

In the court of the cloisters, beneath the shade of certain trees, we were shown some remains of Roman architecture of peculiar construction. It is assumed that these are the actual ruins of the temple which the inhabitants raised to the "divine" Augustus during the sojourn of that emperor in the town. It is commonly added, that at the departure of Augustus, a palm-tree started from the altar and shaded it with its branches. The Tarragonians exclaimed at the miracle, sent a deputation to Rome with great pomp, to announce to the emperor the wonderful omen which the gods had accorded him. But the witty pagan had a difficult taste in matters of miracle, and contented himself by replying,

that the sacrifice was little enough to come from the gods.

Although Tarragona has lost her ancient splendour, there has been little change in her neighbourhood; the sun that shines upon it is not a whit less brilliant than it used to be in the time of the Romans; and Martial might yet celebrate the rich banks of the Tarraco, its fertile plains, and its wines, worthy of rivalling those of Falerno. On coming out of the town, the country assumes all at once an African aspect. Both Giraud and myself were struck with it. It was mid-day, the sea lay before us, indenting the coast with many creeks; and its roar greeted us pleasantly in the midst of the profound silence and stifling heat of the day. Not a soul was stirring in all the prospect. A few boats were abandoned on the shore and lying on the sands. A richly sculptured Gothic cross adorned the rampart on which we stood, and lent a deeper beauty to the scene; close to it and in its shadow, some men were stretched on the ground, fast asleep. At the extremity of the town we could see the pier stretching out its long yellow shoulder far across the blue waves of the sea. Now and then a light breeze came trembling over the leaves, and sinking again, left all quiet and motionless as before. This striking scene chained our attention for some moments. Resuming our march we wandered slowly on, stopping at intervals to examine

some of those Roman antiquities which, in the neighbourhood of this picturesque old town, rise in the traveller's path as if by enchantment. We left Tarragona at four o'clock in the evening: passing the road to Reuss, we took the bye-path which led to Villaseca. It was a road which had long been disused, and gave one the notion of the Spain of former times. We passed by a small fountain where muleteers stopped to make their beasts drink; and soon found ourselves upon a narrow path which stretched away before us in a long, straight line, as far as the eye could reach. Turning round we looked back upon Tarragona, which, seen in the distance, had the appearance of a vast citadel or fortress. It was so long in sight on this long and level road, that it seemed as if we should never leave it. We walked along unaccompanied;—wanderers in the midst of a solitude. I advised Girand that we should be upon our guard; and it was well I did so, for while I was speaking we beheld a tall Spaniard armed with a musket, issue from a dense thicket of roses close by, and which was about twenty feet high. He watched us attentively and seemed inclined to advance. We were quickly on the defensive, marching on with our sticks raised and our fingers on the triggers of our pistols. But when the strange gentleman saw us coming up so resolutely, he did not think proper to wait for our approach, and re-entering the forest of roses

he disappeared in great haste. This rencontre, however, was only a foretaste of an adventure we had with robbers.

Arriving at Villaseca, we could not help thinking that we had entered a town altogether unfrequented by travellers, for the commotion caused by our approach was great. The women shouted at us from their thresholds; the boys ran before us, and even men stopped and gazed with curiosity; the dogs, gathering in a pack at our heels, barked so furiously and showed their teeth in such a threatening manner, that we were forced to use our sticks pretty freely to keep them off. We trudged through the town without meeting a single inn. At last we reached the end of the farthest street, and at the very outskirts we perceived a lonely house with some sort of sign. Some people were lying on the ground before the door. I approached them, and asked if the place were an inn. At first they neither answered yes nor no, but after some hesitation they let us enter. We found ourselves amongst gipsies; rather strange sort of hosts. It was too late, however, to go on to Cambrill. We were obliged therefore either to enter or make up our minds to sleep on the high road, and, what was worse, go without supper. We determined to remain at all hazards. The door of the room in which they lodged us, closed very well; but a large balcony ran along before our

window and that of the adjoining chamber, by which the communication between the two rooms was easy enough. There were no shutters nor bolts. If I quitted my room for an instant, I was sure to pounce upon some tall gipsy, who bowed respectfully and grinned, showing a long row of white teeth. These apparitions made us very vigilant, and we never allowed our carpet-bags to quit our sight. As soon as the cool twilight came on, we had dinner served up to us on a terrace, from which we beheld a very curious sight. It was the usual hour for irrigating the fields. According to the custom of the Moors, still prevalent in this part of the country, the water is turned off from its source, or from some river, and passing from one field to another, spreads by degrees like a large sheet of silver, reflecting the last rays of the setting sun. Turning our eyes below the terrace, we perceived a family of gipsies seated on the ground at dinner. In the midst of the circle, a child was playing with a dog, which seemed to form part of the family. This honest animal was afterwards the cause of alarming us with the fear of robbers. We had been in bed some hours, when I was awakened by a sort of dull knocking, which seemed to come from a thin partition, by the side of which I was lying. Giraud heard it also, and we both rose. But we could see nothing in the room, and nobody on the balcony. Presently the

noise began afresh, and we discovered that it was no brigand, but the hound belonging to the gipsies, who was knocking against the partition with his tail. As we wanted to start early in the morning, we had paid the hostess over night. Going down the stairs, we stumbled against a man, who was lying asleep. In stepping over him, I hit my foot against a weapon, which was sent clattering all down the stone steps. The sleeper immediately raised himself, as did some of his companions. We had our sticks in our hands, and returned their glances with resolute looks. They opened the door for us without any hesitation. Perhaps these gipsies had as much suspicion of us, as we had of them. However that may have been, it was not without a lively feeling of relief that we found ourselves free, at three o'clock in the morning, and the road to Valencia open before us.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMBRILLS. — HOSPITALET. — VENTA DEL PLATER. — A SUPPER. SMUGGLERS. — AMPOSTA. — VALENÇIA.

THE sun soon arose, shining cheerfully on the vines, the hanging foliage of which half concealed the green clusters of grapes. After we had passed the dry beds of two rivers, we came to Cambrills, where aloes and palm-trees grow abundantly. The church steeple is a beautiful Saracenic tower with loopholes. At the entrance of the town, as is the case in almost every town in Spain, stood a fresh fountain, where we regaled ourselves, and made our morning toilet. There was nothing to detain us at Cambrills. Some peasants told us that we were not more than two miles from Hospitalet. Their information, however, was deceptive, for we did not fall in with any houses till after some six hours' walking. This village, the name of which indicates its origin, was built by an Arragonese prince to serve as an asylum, and a place of repose for tired pilgrims. The hospital, which has now become an inn, is an old chateau, flanked by embattled towers, almost every part of which time has well preserved. We stayed at Hospitalet during the heat of the day,

and there made a sketch in oils of our hotel. The innkeeper watched us for a short time, and then suddenly darted from the room, as if struck by some inspiration. We heard him sawing and planing away at a great rate. Giraud began to suspect that our artistic talents were about to be required. The innkeeper presently returned with a square board, smoothed and polished, and after many circumlocutions, finished by asking us to sketch him a coach and horse. Giraud could not resist a request so humbly made, and painted it to the host's great satisfaction. I have no doubt that, at this very day, the sign of the Hospitalet excites the admiration of every muleteer who passes it.

We departed at four o'clock in the evening. The road became rugged and wild. We saw on the top of a hill the hermitage of Nuestra Señora de l'Aurora. The open and picturesque views were faultless in their savage aspect. To make the scene complete we only wanted brigands; and as we were now traversing the hill of Balaguer, and the ravine of Pendu, this was just the spot to expect their appearance. At the end of a long descent we found ourselves before one of those *ventorillas*, or little inns, which one is always glad to meet with in Spain. A fountain of running water is sure to be found close to them. Their walls are of turf supported by stakes, and the roofs are covered either with fern or fresh earth, and are often made

to look gay with clumps of bright flowers. The accommodation is very simple, consisting of a liquor made of aniseed, some fresh water, and some shady seats to repose on. Our halt was short; for the day had already begun to fail, and we were still far from the inn where we expected to put up for the night. There were several houses scattered over the plain which seemed to offer a safe shelter to the traveller. They were too far off the road, however, to encourage us to quit it. So we quickened our pace, and went on. Just as the twilight was giving way to night, we got sight of a wooden house, of a very lonely and melancholy appearance. This was the inn, or *Venta del Plater*. It was now near nine o'clock. We had started at four in the morning, and with the exception of our short rest at l'Hospitalet, we had been walking all day. We therefore entered the inn with a stout determination to take up our quarters there for the night in spite of its forbidding aspect.

On entering, we perceived a young woman distilling brandy before a large fire; and some naked children were rolling over one another on the floor beside her. The woman was good-looking, but she had a chilling and determined look. She curtly asked what we wanted.

"Supper and beds," I replied.

She laughed insultingly, answering that there were neither beds nor suppers there.

"But you have a room?"

"No."

"Well, then, some rice?"

"No."

"Any dried fish?"

"No;" and again she burst into a loud laugh. I felt a flush rise to my face.

"At least," I asked, restraining my temper as well as I could; "at least, you have some wine?"

"O, yes; I believe that there is some wine." And going up to a cask in the corner, she filled, and brought us a jug of water!

There was nothing for it but to make a virtue of necessity, and to put up with the singular ways of our hostess. As we seated ourselves at the only table in the place, five tall loose-looking fellows unexpectedly came in at the door. They met our looks with strange smiles. Reaching our sticks, we returned their glances without showing any signs of fear. The Spaniards placed themselves beside us, and then the woman, with whom they appeared to be very familiar, hastened to bring plates. Without the least hesitation, I reached my hand out, and placed a plate before me. Presently a large smoking mess, plentifully steeped in oil, made its appearance, the pleasant steam of which stimulated an appetite already sharpened by the fatigues of our travels. I helped myself, without ceremony, to a large portion, and was just going to commence operations, when the

Spaniard who was nearest to me seized on my plate, placed it before himself, and then turned round and stared with the greatest effrontery. My resolution was soon taken. I imitated the action of this insolent ruffian, and regained my plate. "What!" cried he, "do you mock me?" And the whole of the party half rose from the table, gesticulating and menacing me wildly.

Giraud and I then showed our pistols.

"We were at table before you," I observed, "and ought to be first served. We will pay for it."

"Certainly," exclaimed one, reseating himself; "if he pays, he has a right to eat."

The others seemed to assent to the reasonableness of this proposition. So another plate, well loaded, was handed to Giraud, and we began to think that the altercation would have ended here. But the more these men drank, the louder, the more boisterous, and insolent did they become. The wine got into their heads, they grew excited, and shouted till the walls quaked. I had already caught some words in the conversation, which they addressed to us, evidently intended to provoke our wrath. The quarrel was about to begin again more fiercely than ever, when four men, armed with muskets, suddenly made their appearance at the threshold.

They wore a kind of blanket over their shoulders, and a cartouche-box at their sides. A convoy of

mules accompanied them, the tinkling of whose bells we heard in the rear. It was easy to see that they were a party of contrabandistas, or smugglers.

"Holloa!" they shouted, striking the ground with the butt-ends of their muskets, "we want something to eat, and quickly."

The scene changed in an instant; our adversaries reassumed a calm deportment, and they fell back to make room between us for the new arrivals. "Cabaliero," said I to my neighbour, "you travel late."

"Cabaliero," replied he, "you may speak to me as much as you please; but I will not answer you a single syllable."

Then he turned his back upon me and I turned mine upon him. Giraud acted with greater finesse. Drawing from his pocket some of those excellent cigars which M. De Lesseps had given him, he asked one of the smugglers to lend him his papelito to light one, a request which is never refused in Spain; after which he condescendingly offered a cigar to his obliging neighbour; a thing which is also never refused in Spain. The contrabandista became quite complaisant and entered into conversation. Giraud completed his conquest by presenting cigars to the three others, and we were soon the best friends in the world. I told them, in a whisper, what a disturbance the first comers had created, and the pickle out of

which their arrival had rescued us. They congratulated us upon getting so well out of the scrape.

"In these parts," said the contrabandista, "you should always go armed. A great many strange stories are abroad about this inn; and if I travelled alone, I should never expose myself to pass the night here. As for us, our profession obliges us always to carry arms. If we did not, we should run the risk of having our goods pillaged. Believe me, cavaliers, if you wish to travel in Spain with safety, you should arm yourselves at the first town you reach. A musket is sure to command respect."

The advice was wise, and it will be shown in the sequel that we were not slow in following it. The hour of rest arrived, and we were led by our fierce hostess to the paja. This is a name given to a sort of dormitory common among inns of the lowest kind, where the earth is heaped up to a certain height, and strewn over with chopped straw. In the whole of the Peninsula, you cannot find such a thing as a bundle of unbroken straw. For the Spaniards, in thrashing their wheat, actually crush and cut the sheaves up beneath their horses' hoofs. You are obliged to lie down in the middle of a heap of these little bits of straw, and, as they will not allow you to have a light, for fear of fire, you must get to bed as best you can. I made a pillow of my painting-box, and

was soon asleep, forgetting the uncomfortable neighbours among whom our fate had thrown us. Giraud, who was almost stifled, preferred going out and passing the night upon a bench in the open air. The smugglers slept in the stable, making beds of the packages which their mules carried, thus carefully guarding them even during their sleep. At break of day, I awoke in almost as pitiable a state as Giraud was in at Badalona. It was with the greatest difficulty that I succeeded in opening one of my eyes; the other had become the prey of some venomous little insect, and was horribly swollen. I got, as quickly as I could, out of this dreadful crib; very glad to be quit of it with no other harm than an eye completely closed. A bathe with cold water at the first fountain we reached, cooled down the irritation, and during the rest of the journey I thought no more about it.

We had walked a good distance, when by the growing light of dawn we perceived a body of people approaching. They were soldiers; gendarmes in charge of a band of contrabandistas or robbers, tied together in couples by the wrist. They all advanced at a rapid pace, driving before them some mules, loaded with many packages. The Spanish soldier never takes the quick step except on extraordinary occasions. We were soon made acquainted with the cause of this unusual

About ten minutes afterwards, on turning

the road, we fell among some fifteen men armed to the teeth, most of them being without jackets or vests, who were also marching rapidly, and appeared to be in pursuit of the first troop. They opened their line to allow us to pass, and saluted us with a Spanish good morning—*Buenas dias, caballeros*—to which we responded with a hearty *Buenas dias.*

On arriving at Perollo, we learnt that an engagement had taken place between the contrabandistas and the soldiers. At first the latter had the advantage, and had made some prisoners. We were told, however, that they had afterwards been defeated in the mountains, in an unexpected attack by the men whom we had met, who were the boldest smugglers in the country. They were astonished that we had not heard the firing in the direction of the Venta del Plater, and appeared to be very impatient to know the result of the expedition: all the fellows among whom we fell prayed for the success of the contrabandistas, and loaded the gendarmes and soldiers with bad wishes and curses. Spain loves these poetical bandits and picturesque brigands; she has not forgotten that, in the war of independence, so fatal to our arms, she found her boldest defenders among the contrabandistas.

On the morrow morning, on leaving Perollo, we passed by an immense cavalcade of muleteers. We had never seen so many horses and mules

together before; it was a most animating sight. The mules and the horses went at a leisurely pace; their heads being dressed with feathers, and loaded with tresses of silk, which partly concealed the eyes of the animals, and hung down on each side of the nostrils. Trappings of red silk played against their chests and flanks. Their manes and their tails were plaited very carefully, interwoven with broad ribands of scarlet wool. They all bore bells, as usual, which made a loud and musical jingling. Some of the muleteers were seated on the bales, on which they balanced themselves very skilfully, and others had cigars between their lips. They wore handkerchiefs on their heads; their legs were clothed with buskins, worked in leather, and they were wrapped in the folds of blankets striped with various colours. Others followed on foot, and closed the line of march. Giraud could not resist the inclination to make a sketch of this little scene. It is thus that he has enriched his pictures with the lively groups for which he is famous.

The road to Amposta coasts along the Mediterranean. The country was formerly inhabited by the Moors, who have left unmistakeable monuments of their occupation. Its appearance, at present, is wild, melancholy, and desolate. Towards the close of our journey, we crossed the Ebro in a sailing-boat. Its deep waves rolled on majestically. It took us more than a quarter of an

hour to reach the right bank of the river. We shortly after arrived at Amposta. It is a deserted-looking town which the neighbouring Ebro does not appear to have enriched. The host of the inn where we lodged at night, offered to drive us in a vehicle to San Carlos de la Rapita, and, as he did not ask more than two reals for his trouble, we eagerly closed with his demand. We started early in the morning. As we approached the frontiers of Catalonia, our sight was gladdened with the very picturesque and comely dress of the peasants whom we passed on the road. A young herdsman who came close to our car, wore a handkerchief on his head rolled round in the form of a turban, on removing which, his hair fell in long and wavy curls. His shirt of coarse linen was left open, so as to show his neck, and fell over his chest in broad folds, which lost themselves beneath a waistband of red serge. His trousers were wide and reached to the knees; the rest of his limbs were naked, and his feet protected by sandals with strings of blue wound round his ankles. In his hand he bore a crook, like those of the old patriarchs. His complexion being tawny (like all the Valencians, who, more than any other people of Spain, have preserved the Moorish type), this young man seemed to belong to other times, and gave us the notion of the embodiment of a Scriptural personage. We recognized with plea-

sure and surprise, the same dress which modern painters have adopted in depicting the ancient Hebrews.

At length we arrived at the convent of San Carlos de la Rapita, a small maritime town frequented for sea-bathing, and which might very well be placed by the side of Tronville or Dieppe, in France. The harbour is shallow, and its waves fall gently on a sandy shore. It is protected from tempests by the pier of Alfaques. This pier is a semicircular bank, which runs into the sea close by the artificial mouth of the Ebro. The town was built by Charles III., who gave it his name; and it still shows signs of the munificence of that monarch. But the principal edifices, which promised to have been great and splendid, have been allowed to remain unfinished since the commencement of the century. They exhibit the sadness and decay of ruins, without any of their majesty or grandeur.

The day not being far advanced, we resolved to pursue our route. An old serjeant of Napoleon, named Thomas de la Rapita (this was the second Frenchified Spaniard that we fell in with), came and offered us his services; he said he was always happy to oblige Frenchmen, and he proposed to escort us to Vinaroz. We started at once. The road, all along, skirted the Mediterranean. We had the sea on our left, and on the right some beautiful mountains rose against the sky.

As we went along, we frequently met half-naked and dark complexioned Valencians, carrying their instruments of labour, and women who bore in their arms little children, almost as brown as their fathers. We were approaching that province of Valencia which travellers delight to call the garden of Spain. Presently we crossed the little river Cenia over a bridge with a single arch. We had now left the boundaries of Catalonia.

CHAPTER XIII.

VINAROZ.—A DANCE.—TORREBLANCA.—A SNORE.—MURVIEDRO.—BULL FIGHTS.

VINAROZ, with its ruined ramparts, its Saracenic terraces, and its streets paved with sharp flints, was the first town which we stayed at in the province of Valencia. The inns were all crowded; and after trying several of them in vain, we at length found a *posada* full of muleteers, or at least of carreros, who were to leave on the morrow for Castellon de la Plana. As they promised to take us there at a charge of three francs and fifty cents per head, we joined their caravan. These muleteers were bold and lively young fellows; they knew every place, and were constantly employed in driving about. They carried with them bottles made of Valencian leather, filled with generous wine, which they absolutely compelled us to drink. They evidently conceived us to be of the same class as themselves, and when they saw that we could read and write, as well as speak their language, they did not conceal their wonder at finding us so learned. They stopped at Beni-Carlo; it happened to be the feast of St. Jago, patron saint of Spain. All the inhabitants

wore their best dresses. No sooner were we installed in the *posada*, than one of the muleteers seized a guitar, and began playing on it. At the first sound of the strings, the hall of the inn, which, as in most cases, was also the stable, was flooded by a stream of dancers. A pretty young woman, who dealt in tobacco, began the fandango with a handsome muleteer. Very soon nothing was to be seen on all sides but twinkling feet and arms gracefully waving in the air. The hostess, who looked out slyly from the corners of her eyes, could restrain herself no longer, but threw herself into the middle of the dance, with an arriero for her partner. Then the castanets resounded louder than ever. For some moments the gaiety was at its height: it seemed to be contagious, and held even the old people in its influence. Our hostess was no longer young, but she danced with all her heart and soul; her eyes sparkled, and her body bounded with delight. Unfortunately, however, her joy did not last long; a fierce hissing sort of noise was heard: it was our dinner, which had been left to cook itself, and was now bubbling and boiling over the burning charcoal. The hostess flew wildly to her ovens, leaving the dance and her partner in the middle of a pirouette: but she was so quickly replaced by one of her companions that the fandango was not interrupted for a single instant.

On departing from Beni-Carlo we found the

heat excessive: the mules walked slowly; the song of the cigalas, and the murmuring of the flies, which flew round us in swarms, invited sleep. The hour of the siesta had arrived: one by one, all our mule-drivers fell fast asleep; leaving the care of the carriages to the instinct of their beasts. We ourselves, notwithstanding our wish to observe the country, insensibly dropped off into a doze. I know not how we arrived at Alcala de Gisbert.

It was on a merry holiday: all the inhabitants were sitting out of doors, on the shady side of the streets. The women, like veritable Africans, wore enormous ear-rings such as I had never seen before. The men looked grave and motionless; their picturesque Valencian costume appeared infinitely varied by their different coloured mantles. We had barely time to visit the principal church, which, though of a recent date, merits attention on account of its grand massive-looking tower. We remarked near it another church of the same style. A palm-tree, standing close to its walls, by the elegance of its form, contrasted with the somewhat heavy architecture of the church.

At Torreblanca the Spaniards were all collected outside their doors, or in the public square, where some young men, as black as Arabs, were playing at "big ball." A gendarme came up, and demanded our passports. Finding that we were Frenchmen, he persisted in addressing us in what

he meant should be our own language. We could not understand him, nor could he understand us. The dialogue was amusing enough. At last he read on our passports the word "Artists." He asked us what sort of artists we were. We opened our sketch-books before him. Previously he had taken possession of our travelling-pikes, and did not appear disposed to return them to us; but the moment he saw a Spanish gendarme in grand costume, designed by Giraud, he became quite friendly; and after showing the sketch to the astonished crowd, returned our pikes and our passports, and wished us a good journey. I could not leave the gendarme without making him a little speech in French. He did not understand a word I said; but bowed and smiled, and put on an air of great intelligence; so that, I am pretty certain, that by this time he enjoys the reputation of a *savant* in Torreblanca and the neighbouring country.

We were again upon the road, from time to time, catching beautiful glimpses of the Mediterranean. The sun was setting when we quitted the highway to take a cross-country road; which soon led us to the court-yard of a village inn. It was the venta of Sayneta. All the carriages were arranged in single file, under an immense barn, which was, at one and the same time, stable, coach-house, dining-room, and dormitory. Supper was served up on an immense long table, and the

muleteers, contrary to usage, insisted that we should be helped first. There were no beds in this inn; but our arriero gave us up the interior of his carriage, and slept on the ground, on one of those improvised mattresses which are made by stuffing a corn-sack with chopped straw. Getting tired of the inside of the carriage, Giraud issued forth, and thought he had found a comfortable couch on a wooden bench, close by the side of one of the mules; but must the truth be told? When Giraud sleeps, he sometimes snores in a most singular manner. The mule frightened at this strange music, began to kick and fling out right and left, making all the bells on its collar ring and rattle—a deafening noise! My unhappy friend could sleep no more that night.

At last the day began to dawn, and discovered to us a new and unknown population in the venta. Muleteers, women, children, were all coming out of different carriages; with a gossiping, buzzing, and squealing, of which it is difficult to form an idea. In process of time, however, disorder subsided into order: the carriages defiled from the venta one by one; and we also continued our route.

On our left we soon perceived Oropesa, on the heights which overlook the sea, with the ruins of its beautiful castle, which is said to have been destroyed by the French. Then we entered a gorge of trist and desolate aspect. The mountains

on either side were rugged and precipitous; the road was encumbered with enormous blocks of rock, and with large stones, which had rolled from the sides of the mountains: we proceeded with great difficulty; and were fearfully jolted. But on issuing from that horrible ravine, the view before us became enchanting. Shining in the morning sun, there lay the Mediterranean spread out before us as far as the eye could reach: on the coast, in the distance, we perceived, through the blue transparent vapour, a town which seemed to advance into the sea: the roofs and church towers of which reflected the bright rays of the morning. A little farther on, down in the valley, we discovered Benigassi, an old Moorish town, with its houses of terraced roofs, its aloes, and palm-trees. This lovely apparition was, however, but too fugitive; for, from this point, as far as Castellon de la Plana, our road was exceedingly monotonous.

At an early hour we arrived in the ancient Castania of the Moors. In the year 1233, when James I., of Arragon, drove out the Moors, the town stood on a hill; about half a league to the north. It was the king who transferred it to the valley; and who gave it the name of Castellon de la Plana—Castellon of the Plain. The venta, at which we alighted, furnished forage for mules, but no food for men. There was only one inn in all the town, in which anything in the shape of a dinner could be procured. In the dining-room

curious fly-flappers were suspended from the ceiling over the heads of the guests, who shook them by means of strings, and so drove away the tormenting insects. Much in the same way, at the inns in some parts of the south of France, people relieve themselves from the molestations of the flies by hanging up long garlands formed of paper cut into slips.

We visited the principal church, which has a beautiful Gothic gateway; and La Torre de las Campanas (the tower of the bells), which rises, isolated, in the midst of the great square; and dates from the end of the sixteenth century. Then we went outside the town, and loitered for a long time before a beautiful group of palm-trees; which, with the burnt wall of an old church, formed a perfect picture. We sat down by the gate of the town. Night was approaching, and the people were now returning from the country to their houses. Sun-burnt peasants, wearing round-shaped velvet waistcoats, or wrapped in picturesque mantles, were driving before them mules with loaded panniers, from which rose pyramids of green melons. Women and children made the dust of the road fly round about them, and were advancing as if in a cloud. Then might be seen a car drawn by a mule, and overloaded with farm labourers. An ass peaceably following the car, carried a pair of panniers. In one of these baskets an infant fast asleep; in the other a child somewhat older,

standing up, and showing his pretty face and long black hair: the sun now sank to the horizon. The distant mountains were enveloped in a cold grey tint, which gave contrast and effect to the warm tone of the old Moorish ramparts, still lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun. On re-entering the town, we were attracted by the sound of a violin and of several guitars. The serenaders soon moved off to another street, playing and singing as they went. We mingled with the crowd, and for a long time followed them.

In the inn, where our mule-drivers had put up, there was a sort of diligence, which carried passengers to Valencia, for about four francs a head; which was to set out at two hours after midnight. We took seats as far as Murviedro; the ancient Sagontium. On quitting Castellon de la Plana we crossed the river Millarez by a fine bridge, constructed in 1790; and soon arrived at Villareal; which, in olden time, was the country-house of the children of James I. We found no remains of the ancient city; which, in 1706, was sacked and destroyed by the troops of Philip V. All the present edifices date only from the last century. We went through Nulez, an old town surrounded by ramparts; and traversed Almenara, another Moorish town, the walls of which were formerly bathed by the sea, and were crowned by a lofty lighthouse.* Our road lay through vine-

* Almenara is the Arabic for lantern.

yards, and groves of the carouba-tree. As we advanced, the ruins of the ancient Sagontium displayed themselves before our eager eyes.

Long lines of ramparts, flanked by massive towers, crowned the heights on which Sagontium stood. Like all these old places, this ancient city, so often assailed by the storms of war, has shifted its place in times of peace, and advancing beyond its walls, has descended from the mountain towards the plain. Sagontium is said to have been originally founded by a Greek colony, from the island of Zante. It was then a maritime town, and had a port stretched out at its feet; but the sea, in the course of ages, has retired so much, that the town is now more than a league from the coast.

Ancient history has eloquently narrated the misfortunes of Sagontium; and the memorable sieges which it heroically sustained. In the midst of ruins, heaped up by its devastators, from the time of the Carthagenians down to Marshal Suchet, precious vestiges of its ancient splendour may still be observed. The Temple of Diana once stood where the Convent of the Trinity now appears. About a century ago, a magnificent mosaic pavement, belonging to the Temple of Bacchus, was brought to the light of day. By the order of the king, walls were built round it, to protect it from injury; but the hands of barbarous devastation have despoiled it; and only a few fragments are

left, to proclaim how beautiful it was. The famous Roman theatre (which the French are accused of having partly destroyed, in order to obtain stone for repairing the fortress) was erected on a hill above the town, towards which its orchestra was built: the architect had availed himself of the declivities and undulations of the hill in constructing the amphitheatre. From this eminence the view is admirable.

The citadel, with the two towers of San Fernando and San Pablo, is situated on the summit of the mountain; and probably occupies the site of the ancient fortress. Near its entrance are remarkable masses of ancient masonry. Within, they showed us some Moorish cisterns, supposed to be built on the ruins of a Roman temple; of which a few sculptured fragments are here and there seen.

Returning to Murviedro, we learned, with much joy, that bull-fights were going on in Valencia, and that the *toreador* was no less a personage than the Chiclanero; the celebrated nephew of the famous Montes. Giraud, who had been dreaming about bull-fights ever since our entrance into Spain, now wished to be off instantly for Valencia.

For some distance from Murviedro, the road sides abound with inns and country houses. Then we came to scattered towns and villages, with groves of olive and carouba-trees. The mountains, which had kept us company all the way from the

Pyrenees, now suddenly diverged and receded, allowing us an uninterrupted view of magnificent plains; which are called the Huerta, or orchard of Valencia.

The road was noisy and dusty: there was an immense concourse of people; mule bells were incessantly ringing, men were singing through their noses, and shouting out to one another. We asked the cause of all this crowd and noise, and were told that the people were returning from the bull-fights. Women were seen mounted on pillions behind their husbands; others were crowded together in cars, their husbands following them on foot, guitar in hand. At some distance from the high road, we perceived the beautiful Chartreuse monastery of Ara Christi; also the convent of La Cruz del Puch. We passed in front of the convent of Los Reges; formerly the Escurial of Spain. Beyond that ancient edifice, the dwellings became more numerous: we were now entering the suburbs of Valencia.

The town was even more crowded than the road; our carriage could scarcely move through the streets, so much movement, activity, and deafening noise prevailed. From about twenty leagues round, people had been pouring into Valencia, to see the bull-fights. Our carriage stopped at the very hotel in which the *toreros* were lodging: it was a house of a tolerably good appearance; through its open gate crowds were

incessantly entering, or issuing, with excited countenances. We saw many persons assembled together reading a placard posted up near the gate. "If the weather permit, there will be a grand bull-fight to-day on the great square of Valencia." So said the placard: which, moveover, gave the names of the best swordsmen; among whom was that of the famous Chiclanero.

Could two persons have possibly arrived at Valencia at a better moment? Scarcely had we read this seductive announcement, than we saw several of the *chulos;* who were crossing the court-yard in their dazzling costume. Giraud eagerly bent his inquiring eye on them. I went up to a *picador,* to ask him the utility of a very thin tress of hair, which he wore on the crown of his head, supported by a small comb. The *picador* seemed to be surprised at my question, and told me that the lock of hair served to attach a knot of ribbons.

"If you wish to see the *chulos,*" said he; "go into that room: several of them are quite ready." He pointed with his finger to a small door, which we immediately opened.

We were now fairly behind the scenes.

CHAPTER XIV.

VALENCIA.—LA VENTA DES TOREROS.—LA CORRIDA.

An agreeable astonishment made us pause for a moment on the threshold of the room. On our left hand were two *toreros;* one standing, the other lying on a bench; while a third, leaning against a table, was playing the guitar with the talent of a true artist. All three, with uncovered necks, wore the elegant Andalusian costume—the short tunic covered with embroidery; the waistcoat almost concealed by the broad silk sash; short tight breeches, silk stockings, and satin shoes. Behind them we could discover the head of a *picador,* who had already put on his flat broad-brimmed hat. In the middle of the room, two girls were dancing and bounding to the music of the guitar and playing their castanets as an accompaniment. Both were pretty, and beautifully attired. Bright red flowers were mixed with their jet black hair; at the back of the head a bunch of silvered ribbons floated, surmounted by a gilt comb. The room was crowded with spectators, most of whom were Andalusians; who, no doubt, had come from Seville or from Ronda, with the troop of *toreros.* At the end of the room appeared various animated groups:

here a handsome laughing woman, with a red mantle thrown over her head, played the castanets, and encouraged the two dancers by her expressions of admiration. At her side, seated on the bare floor, was a brilliant *maja*, with her black mantilla negligently waving round her face. Here a corpulent *majoral* peacefully enjoyed the spectacle; while there a little black gipsy, mounted up on a bench to have a better view of what was going on, waved his hat in the air, manifesting his joy by savage cries. What a charming scene! What admirable objects for artists in quest of subjects! Nothing was wanting:—brilliancy and variety of costumes, graceful attitudes, the happy disposition of the groups, and, above all, movement, animation, and fulness of life were all there! On turning round to Giraud I found that he was already sketching at a furious rate.

I asked a *torero* where we could obtain tickets for the bull-fight? "Tickets!" said he; "I believe there are none left; but, perhaps you may find one or two at the inn of the Golden Lion." Thither I ran. They had not a single ticket. At last I went to the town-hall, and there found two tickets. But how was I to pay for them? The only money I had about me was gold; and, in Spain, that is having no money at all. If you go into a shop to change a piece of gold, you are almost certain that the shopkeeper has no change

to give you. I succeeded, however, not without trouble, in overcoming this serious difficulty, and there we were—off for the bull-fight!

We joined a flood of people, who were pouring into the circus. On gaining the interior, this flood divided into many streams, spreading themselves over the wooden steps and benches of the ascending amphitheatre. The steps are so disposed one above the other, that you have always a person between your legs; while you are between the legs of the person who sits on the step above you. The spectators are thus piled up nearly to the top of the edifice; where, behind a balustrade, are the boxes or balconies reserved for the *beau monde*. We took our places among the common people. I found myself seated between two handsome Spanish brunettes. What more could I wish for?

In the centre of the amphitheatre is a spacious arena: between this arena and the seats of the amphitheatre there runs a narrow passage; defended by a barrier about four feet high. This barrier is very useful to the *chulos*: they leap over it when hard pressed by the bulls, and so escape their terrible horns. There are also small openings in the palisade, through which the unfortunate combatant may save himself.

Beautiful was the sight, and wonderful the excitement in that circus of Valencia! The people clapped their hands, and impatiently shouted for the appearance of the *toreros*; friends recognising each other at a distance, exchanged salutations

with stentorian voices: the *aguadores*, or vendors of iced water, were dispersed among that immense multitude, lustily shouting out "*Agua fresca! Agua fresca!*"—Cold water! Cold water! Giraud was again at work with his pencil, sketching the *aguadores* and the municipal guards of Valencia, whose costume is very picturesque. The Spaniards sitting near us were prodigal of their compliments. On learning that my friend had never seen a bull-fight, they all declared that they would watch his countenance when the first blood began to flow in the arena.

All of a sudden the air re-echoes with martial music; troops traverse the arena: the governor of the province makes his entrance, and takes the seat of honour. At the same time, another door of the circus is thrown open; and the members of the municipality enter. Behind these, the *toreros* gravely advance, *spadas primas et spadas segundas* —first swords and second swords. The *toreros* are followed by the *chulos*, whose rich dresses attract all eyes. Mounted on their Andalusian horses, the *picadores* close the march, lance in hand, and glued, as it were, to their Moorish saddles and broad stirrups. All advance in processional order and salute the governor of the province. The mayor or president of the municipal body then reads the *banda*, a sort of proclamation, which recals to the public the order to be observed during the fights; and, after a few more bows, he and his suite withdraw.

Toreros, chulos, and *picadores,* are all ranged in order of battle. But who is that singular personage who remains alone in the centre of the arena, and who rises in his stirrups before the seat of the political chief? It is the alguazil on duty for the day; who is waiting, hat in hand, until it shall please the governor to throw him down the keys of the dens, that he may let out the bulls.

According to all rules, the alguazil ought to catch these keys in his hat: but our friend to-day was not very fortunate. The keys, when thrown, rolled in the arena, to his great confusion. A *toreador* picked them up, and gave them to the alguazil: but the poor man was not yet at the end of his misadventures. Instead of moving to the door, which was to be opened for the bulls, his horse became restive; reared, paced backwards, and obstinately refused to advance. Loud shouts of laughter rose on every side; jeers and jokes rained upon the alguazil, who trembled all over. At last the *toreador* took hold of the horse by the head, and, giving up the keys, the *maladroit* alguazil got through the palisade and hurried off through the covered passage; followed by hootings and hissings and the uproarious laughter of the public.

The door of the den opens: a quivering of curiosity runs through the assembly; all heads are bent forward at once, like the tops of a forest

of trees bent by a stormy wind. The bull is out! and he is a bull of very violent temper! Without looking round him, he lowers his long horns and makes a rush at the first *picador*. Then we see a horse rise on his hind legs, and fall over on his rider. The bull is making another mad charge: a second rider is rolling in the dust by the side of his horse, whose black flank is streaming with blood. It is the first blood drawn, and now for the applause. "Bravo, toro! Bravo, toro!" "Well done bull!" With lance in rest, a third *picador* waits the charge, but in striking the bull his lance breaks; he turns his horse, and now the bull, slightly wounded, rushes towards the palisade. A *chulo* detaches himself from the group of *toreros*, and distracts the attention of the bull by waving his scarlet silk mantle before him. In the meanwhile the *picadores*, who have been dismounted, resume their saddles. You may see the entrails of their gored horses, which yet gallop round the arena making it wet with their blood. Our neighbours are staring at Giraud: who is as pale as death, and very near fainting.

"This is horrible," said he; "let us go!"

"Go! but how can we get out of this dense crowd? Wait a little; you will soon feel better... Ah! only observe now."

A *chulo*, dressed entirely in black silk, advanced with undaunted demeanour to meet the bull. The infuriated animal bounded forward, with his horns

lowered: the *chulo* leaped over his head and gracefully came to his feet some paces off; where, crossing his arms, and standing motionless, he waited for a new attack.

"Bravo! Bravissimo!" cried Giraud.

"Attention," said I; "it is the Chiclanero, the most celebrated of the *chulos*."

All of a sudden, the spectators set up a thousand confused cries.

"What do they want?" asked Giraud.

"They want the Chiclanero to capote the bull. You will see," said I.

The Chiclanero spreads out his silk mantle before the eyes of the bull, and the fierce animal rushes at it. But it is in vain. The alert *chulo* repeats his manœuvre; he vaults round the animal, who keeps pursuing him with his threatening horns; and every time the *chulo* escapes by leaping aside. After many desperate passes, he escapes by the palisade, and draws his mantle around him. The applauses of the crowd rend the air. A shower of hats and caps falls into the arena.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Giraud.

"It is a way they have of applauding."

And for five minutes the *chulos* were occupied in throwing back the hats and caps to their owners.

"How do you feel now?" said I to Giraud, who had been loudly applauding with his voice and hands. [illegible] at on

"A great deal better: I believe I can remain."

At the same moment the bull threw himself on the cavalier who had previously received him in so brilliant a manner. The lance bends—the lance breaks—and the bull strikes the horse in the chest, throws him down, and then rushes on to another part of the arena.

We did not see any blood flow from the horse. "He is not wounded," said Giraud. I replied that I thought he was.

The dismounted *picador* was now unloosing the saddle from his horse.

"What is that for?" demanded Giraud.

"Eh! because the horse is dead," was the reply.

These words were scarcely said, when the poor creature stretched out its legs on the sand and expired.

The bull was now engaging another *picador*. Short was the combat. Horse and man were lifted up by the bull's horns, and thrown into the middle of the arena, where he continued to roll them in the dust, in the same manner that a labourer armed with a pitchfork, turns and rolls over a haycock. The *chulos* ran to the rescue of the *picador* and his horse: the rider was carried off senseless; the steed remained stretched in the dust.

Then the trumpet sounded again. It was the signal for the appearance of the *banderillos*. Those lithe and active *chulos* now came in and resolutely

faced the bull, throwing at his neck and flanks small darts terminating in bits of gilt paper. These added to the fury of the animal, which turned and turned, and made still fiercer attacks. At every move it seemed as if the horns grazed some of the *chulos;* but so active and precise were their movements that not one of them was really touched by the horns. The bull roared, bounded forth with fury, and desperately shook himself in order to get rid of the sharp darts, which now formed a sort of mane along his neck. Again the trumpets sounded. The *chulos* vanished as if by enchantment; and the *matador,* armed with a short sword and a small red flag, advanced into the arena.

It was again the famous Chiclanero. The *picadores* had taken refuge in the covered way, where they were now leaning on their lances, being merely lookers-on. Yon *matador* must have all the field to himself.

The Chiclanero made a graceful bow towards the balcony of the governor, to whom, in the midst of the dead silence of the multitude, he addressed a short speech; and then, throwing his cap in the air, he boldly faced the bull. After several critical passes, he seized the moment when the bull was rushing at him, and slipping on one side, he drove his sword up to the hilt into the chest of the animal. Carried on by the impetus, the bull still proceeded a few steps, then stag-

gered, groaned feebly,—and fell dead. A thunder of applause, followed by a fresh deluge of hats, hailed his fall.

"Toro! toro! bull! bull!" shouted the people.

"And what does this mean?" asked Giraud.

"The people want the governor to give the slain bull to the Chiclanero, according to ancient custom."

Fresh flourishes of trumpets were now heard, and some richly caparisoned mules came into the arena, trotting round it, to the music of their drivers' whips. The mules had traces, and at the end of the traces were iron hooks. The hooks being fastened to the hoofs, the drivers cracked their whips, and the mules set off at full gallop, dragging after them the body of the victim. The same method was adopted to carry off the dead horses; and then some men came in and threw sand over the arena to conceal the traces of blood.

During this interlude, one of our neighbours, who had been in France, asked Giraud how he felt now. My friend replied that he was getting quite comfortable.

"Oh, yes," continued the Spaniard, "you will soon get accustomed to these sights, and become as fond of them as we all are. You will soon learn how to appreciate the play of the game; the chances, the use of the red mantle and the narrow escapes. You will learn the various methods of planting the *matador's* sword: and will be able to

distinguish at first sight, the different kinds of bulls that are brought into the circus: such as the *levantados, parados,* and *aplomados.*"

"That will demand a little study," said Giraud.

"No, it is very easy," replied the Spaniard. "Your *levantado* bulls are hot and courageous; they rush upon the sword and are easily killed. Your *parados* are more dangerous enemies; they avoid the sword, and are hard to hit. But the most terrible bull is the *marajo y desentido;* he is a cunning fellow, for he never rushes at the red flag or at the cloak, but aims at the man, and often drives his horns into his side. The *aplomado* is a slow heavy bull, and gives but little trouble to the *torero.* But the *aleantado,* that shamefully flies before the *picador,* is an animal only fit to make dogs'-meat; and . . . . . ."

Here, our neighbour stopped short. The spectacle was recommencing; they were opening the trap-doors to let out the bulls.

The same order of battle was resumed. The *picadors* were there, lance in hand. The new bull was a jumper. Instead of attacking the horse, he sprang up and struck the first *picador,* with one of his horns. He charged the second *picador* in the same manner; but the cavalier caught the horn with his hand and parried the thrust; but the shock was so violent, that both horse and man, came to the ground together, and could not get up without the help of the *chulos.* The horse

was half dead; they took off his saddle, and he staggered into the middle of the arena. There the enraged bull drove his horns into his bowels. Next the *toro* charged another *picador*, who received him on the point of his lance. The arm bent, but did not break, and there followed an admirable struggle; in which the man, immoveable in his stirrups, sustained, without flinching, the assault and weight of the bull. The enthusiasm of the spectators was now at its height.

"He is stronger than the bull," cried our neighbour.

The *toro*, however, tired of the combat, effected a retreat by leaping into the covered way, which was cleared of people in the twinkling of an eye. But there, he found himself so confined for room, and so belaboured by heavy blows aimed at him by the spectators on the lower seats, that he rushed to the first door in the barricade which was opened for him, and returned into the arena. No sooner there, than the public unanimously demanded that the Chiclanero should be his *matador*. It was not that great man's turn, but in Spain, for this sort of amusement, the will of the people is law. The Chiclanero hastened to obey; and after several passes, made with infinite grace, he killed the bull with a *demi-volte*.

"It is magnificent! it is grand!" cried our neighbour.

Every hand, every hat, every handkerchief, was waved in the air, which re-echoed with the cry, a thousand times repeated, of "Toro! toro! toro!" The Chiclanero again bowed to the governor, who approvingly smiled upon him. The amphitheatre was again covered with hats. Giraud, quite out of himself, shouted "There goes my cap!" and threw it into the arena.

By this deed my friend acquired immense consideration among all who were near us, and we became quite popular,—thanks to Giraud's cap.

CHAPTER XV.

MORE ABOUT BULL-FIGHTS.—THE ORCHARD OF VALENCIA AND THE TRIBUNAL DES AGUEROS.—THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTLES.—THE TOWER OF MIGUELITE.—LO GRAO.—THE ANTIQUARIAN BARBER, JOSE PEREZ.

One of the most curious things in these bull-fights,—in these truly Spanish scenes,—is the absolute passion entertained for them, not merely by men, but also by women. The ladies sitting near us, took the liveliest interest in the combats; and were not at all moved by the sight of the blood. With a pin they marked on a small card every wound received by bull, horse, or man. These cards, which are usually sold at the entrance of the amphitheatre, designate the names of the combatants—and particularly the names of the bulls, their age and colour. The greater number of horses a bull puts *hors de combat,* the more glory is acquired by its original owner. It is as great an honour in Spain to have sold an indomitable bull, as it is in England to possess a horse that has won the "Derby," and the "Oaks." The arts of the black-leg and cheat on the turf are not unknown on this arena. It is said that those who breed the bulls sometimes bribe the *picadores*

to allow a favourite animal to kill their horses; for the more horses killed, the greater the glory of the said bull, and of its original master.

The *picadores* are admirable for their boldness and coolness. They are almost sure to be knocked over: they place themselves before the bull; they pursue him, they harass him, they torment him; and when the animal does not reply to these attacks, they prick his nostrils with the point of their lance. This last is a provocative which seldom fails of effect. The bull wheels round, springs, depresses his horns; and the combat commences. At this moment, it is a fine study to observe the countenance of the *picador*. Not a muscle of his face is agitated; the smile never quits his lips, and he receives the assault with a presence of mind and a serenity that are admirable. They know how to profit by every advantage, and thus it does not often happen, that they meet with any serious accident. So long as his lance holds good, the *picador* can fight; but the lance once broken, he has nothing to do but to escape from the arena as quickly as possible. The difference between the *matador* and the *picador* is great. The *matador* presents himself only to kill the bull: the *picador* appears on the arena to excite the animal to fury, to open the struggle, and to maintain it until the proper moment for the *dénouement*.

The *chulo* is not armed with a lance like the *picador*. He carries only his cloak, which serves him at once as a means of provocation, and of defence. Should he chance to slip and fall, woe be unto him! The bull throws him into the air, gores him as he comes to the ground—and good night, poor *chulo!*

When we returned to our posado, every body was talking of the bulls and the prowess of the Chiclanero. At the table, we made the acquaintance of a Catalan, who very obligingly offered to conduct us the next day to the Tribunal des Agueros.

"Without doubt," said he, "you have never seen judges sitting and delivering sentences in the open air; and as these courts are held only on Thursdays, I engage you, before you quit Valencia, to visit this ancient and singular tribunal."

We eagerly accepted the invitation.

The following are the circumstances under which an old Moorish sovereign instituted the Tribunal des Agueros, which James I. of Arragon, had the wisdom to respect after his victory over the Mussulmans, and which has been allowed to exist to our own day. The Huerta de Valencia, that paradise of the Moors, is an immense plain, surrounded by lofty mountains. These mountains are covered with snow in the winter; and in the spring, and during the burning heats of summer,

innumerable streams and rivulets flow from their summits and flanks. It was by collecting this water in beds, and by carrying it all over the plain by means of numerous canals, that the industrious Moors succeeded in fertilizing the Huerta. In many places, the water is carried over the hollows of the plain by aqueducts; in others, it is received into subterranean channels, each distributed equally among the different proprietors and farmers. The distribution of the water was fixed by days and by hours from the commencement. Every cultivator knew the time when he would have the precious element in the midst of his own fields. But there were men—then as now—over greedy and of bad faith; who often attempted to retain the fertilizing stream for their own exclusive profit, instead of helping themselves at the given time, and then letting it flow on to their neighbours. A thousand disputes constantly agitated the Huerta, and blood was shed for water. The ordinary courts of justice could not find time to try all these causes; and therefore it was that the Moorish king, for this sole purpose, created the Tribunal des Agueros.

On the morrow, following the advice of our Catalan, we repaired to the cathedral of Valencia, the Church of the Apostles. Before the principal door of the church we found a large marble bench, upon which, as the clock struck the hour of noon, seven judges came and seated themselves with

solemnity. This constituted the tribunal. The judges or arbitrators are named by the cultivators of the Huerta, and dress as they do. Their head is covered with a handkerchief folded into the form of a turban, and each holds in his hand the crook of the Valencia shepherd.

They listened in silence to two contending parties, who pleaded in their country dialect with very loud voices. A crowd had gathered round. A sort of usher, a peasant, like the rest, who carried as his only sign of office a little cane, went from one disputant to the other, to call them to order when they pleaded too violently. After a short time the judges rose, and consulted with one another apart, with great calmness. Then the president of the court pronounced sentence, against which there was no appeal. Any Spaniard refusing to submit to it—an event which most rarely happens—would be condemned to a fine proportionate to the length of his resistance. This ancient tribunal bears a stamp of simplicity which struck and delighted us.

When the crowd dispersed we inspected the cathedral. It is said to have been built on the site of a temple of Diana, and at different times it has served as a Christian church to the Goths, as a mosque to the Moors, and as a true Spanish Roman Catholic church. It was James the Conqueror, or James I., who destroyed its Mahomeman character, and substituted the altar for the

kibleh; and for this the pious Valencian still shows you, with profound veneration, the spurs of that king and the bit of his horse, suspended to a pillar of the choir, near the royal arms of Arragon. The church is of Gothic architecture; but by restoration which it underwent about the middle of the eighteenth century, was overloaded with Corinthian ornaments, and these have deprived the edifice of all unity, grandeur, and majesty. We, however, observed some fine paintings. A "Christ bearing the Cross" breathes a truly divine anguish: it is by Sebastiano del Piombo, and glows with a colouring which is almost Venetian, and not in the usual style of that master. A fine "Crucifixion" by Alonza Cano, and a "Baptism of Jesus" by Juan Johannes, a painter of great merit, scarcely known in France, also engaged our attention. The altar of St. Michael is decorated with a head of the Virgin, a work of Sasso Ferrato. A "Virgin, with the Infant in her Arms, and surrounded by Shepherds," is touching, pensive, and full of simple poetry, although the picture proceeded from the fiery pencil of Ribera. The tomb of Diego de Carrobias and his wife, erected in 1604, delayed us yet some minutes. We also admired, in the sacristy, two magnificent Gothic crosses, extremely rich, and of marvellous workmanship.

Near the cathedral the enormous tower of Miguelite rears its head. The bells were hung

in it on the day of the festival of St. Michael, a saint in wonderful favour at Valencia. From a terrace on its summit there is a splendid view of the enchanting plain of the Huerta. The tower is octagonal: by its stupendous size it quite crushes the front of the cathedral. To justify the enthusiasm with which they regard the Miguelite, the Valencians relate with pride that, as soon as the victorious Cid entered their city, he ascended the tower, that he might embrace, at one glance, all the beauties of his conquest.

On quitting the cathedral we returned to our inn. It was twilight; the shadows fell softly transparent; from our balcony we admired some magnificent orange-trees, loaded with their ripe fruit, flourishing in a neighbouring garden: at intervals we heard harmonious voices mingling with the sounds of the guitar, and gradually retiring and dying away in the distance. We passed hours in listening to these Spanish songs, which are at once so animated and so melancholy.

On the next day we went to Grao, the sea-port of Valencia, about half a league from the city. The road forms a beautiful promenade, shaded by lofty trees. At Grao we found a crowd of young damsels, who had come to bathe in the sea.

On our return to Valencia we visited the town-hall, where modern innovation has not respected its antique style of architecture. At first we were introduced into a vast gallery, wherein

the portraits of the kings of Spain are arranged according to the order of their succession. Hence we passed into a second apartment, the carved wainscot and other wood-work of which cannot fail to charm the artist. The ceiling, formed of compartments of different kinds of wood, is a beautiful work. Round the upper part of this hall is a gallery, the light columns of which support elegant arcades. This gallery rests on curious supports, made of wood, and very ingeniously carved. The window-frames are enriched with arabesques and sculptures. The effect of the whole is charming.

Our next visit was in the Plaza San Vicente, to the perruquier Jose Perez; who possesses a great number of fine pictures, and a magnificent collection of MSS., engravings, old china, &c. Jose Perez is indeed a true collector and antiquarian: he has sacrificed everything to this ruling passion: and has passed all his life in collecting, bit by bit, the precious objects which constitute his treasures. He was born in one of the lowest classes of society; but considers himself as the regenerator of art in Spain, and speaks of his collection with conscious and legitimate pride. But it is not every visitor who is admitted to view his cabinet: a foreigner, at least, must have a letter of recommendation signed by his consul. But when Jose Perez finds visitors who can appreciate his collection, he becomes polite and animated; he shows them all

his best things; he listens to their praises with delight; and then, all of a sudden, disappears, leaving you to his servant-maid, to whom it is customary to make a small offering. Never could money be better bestowed. For it is thus that Jose Perez, the perruquier, has been able to form one of the finest cabinets in the Peninsula.

Before bidding farewell to Valencia, we went to visit the convent of San Miguel de los Reyes, about a quarter of a league out of the town. When the unhappy heir of the crown of Naples, Ferdinand of Arragon, after ten years of captivity, issued from the fortress of Xativa, where Gonzalvo de Cordova had shut him up, he caused this immense monastery to be built, and endowed it with considerable wealth. The façade of the edifice is surcharged with heavy sculpture, belonging to that transition epoch which, towards the end of the sixteenth century, filled the Peninsula with so many monuments without character, simplicity, or any true beauty. Later civil wars have long since dispersed the pious inhabitants of the monastery. As we entered into the first court, planted with old melancholy-looking cypresses, all seemed sad and silent. Thence we passed into the long echoing arcades of the cloisters. In the centre of the *patio* there was a spring of clear water, imparting a delicious coolness, and every breath of wind brought us perfume from the orange groves. At intervals we heard the

voices of children who were invisible, but whose echoes the vast corridors repeated. In that solitude no living soul was to be seen. We entered the gardens: a massive table, fallen from its support, lay upon the ground in the centre of a grass plot; the little open stone-conduits which had formerly conducted the waters of the spring into these charming spots, had almost disappeared under an accumulation of sand. The works of man were gradually giving way and dying out; but nature was blooming in her eternal youth. Here and there the dear Oriental palm-trees, most happily placed, gave an eastern character to the richness of the landscape. On returning into the cloister, we at last perceived a Spaniard, and he offered to act as our guide. At first, he led us into the chapel, the architecture of which —of uniform period, untouched by transitions and restorations—struck us by its noble severity. The altars were enriched with incrustations of fine marbles in the Florentine style. Under one of these altars a marble staircase led to a cold, damp chamber or vault, wherein we viewed the tombs of the royal founder and his wife. According to the rules of the convent and the will of Ferdinand of Arragon, the monks were bound to celebrate a mass every morning in this chamber. What has now become of these monks? Who will henceforward inhabit the beautiful apartment of the prior, and these numerous and pleasant cells, from which the

view extends over the city of Valencia and the sea? Who walks now, with measured steps, through those tranquil cloisters, and under these vast porticoes? Only occasionally a few peasants or working people from Valencia, come to take their repast and repose a few hours in the cool shade of the cloister; who care little about the enchantments of the landscape, the splendour of the ruins, and the grand souvenirs attached to the convent of Los Reyes.

CHAPTER XVI.

XATIVA.—OUR ARREST.

We had definitively adopted the Spanish costume, and thanks to the letter of M. de Lesseps, had obtained from the political chief of Valencia permission to carry arms during our journey. Thus, one fine morning we set out, dressed in Valencian cloaks and hats, and each of us carrying a carbine on his shoulder. There were two roads to Alicante: we chose that which goes by Xativa, as being the least frequented and the most picturesque. Our journey was an easy promenade through delicious orchards and gardens: at times we walked through narrow lanes with fences on either side, and also flanked by palm-trees and aloes; then, all of a sudden, we emerged into open spaces, whence the view extended over the vast and laughing plains of the Huerta, and we saw the lake of Albufera, which spreads far beyond the plains, and looks like a sea. We traversed in succession the bourg of Silla Alcira (which the waters of the Zucar wash on every side), Carcajente, and Cullada; and towards the end of the second day we arrived at San Felipe de Xativa, the birth-place of the great painter Spagnoletto.

With nose in the air and hand on hip, we marched up the streets of the town. We felt confident that our quality of artists would protect us against the enterprises of the alguazils, when a man in plain clothes stopped right before us, and presenting an ivory-headed cane, said, "Cavaliers, have the goodness to follow me,—I arrest you."

CHAPTER XVII.

ALICANTE.—ELCHE.—THE NOVIO.—ORTICUELA AND THE ROAD TO MURETE.

SITUATED between two mountains, and at the south of a bay formed by Cape Huerta and the promontory of San Pablo, Alicante is a warm and sheltered place, scarcely knowing what winter is. Its castle, built on a rock, was at first intended to protect the town against Algerine pirates: Philip II. fortified it with new works, which rendered it almost impregnable; nevertheless, it was partly ruined during the war of the succession; and since that epoch no Spanish government has dreamed of improving its excellent military position.

The town of Alicante consists chiefly of two long streets, running in parallel lines, and terminating in a grand plaza, or square. The plaza is flanked by a church; its architecture appeared to us in rather bad taste.

The harbour is cut in two by the mole or pier, at the extremity of which stands a lofty lighthouse. From the end of that long jetty we expected to obtain a view of the whole of Alicante; but the buildings of the town were so intercepted

by the mountains which rise out of it, that we could see nothing but the smoke of a few chimneys and some roofs, upon which the sun was shining.

We had put up at a posada of decent appearance, near the public promenade; but as the dinner-hour was passed we had no hope of obtaining any refreshment there. So we explored into the very heart of the town, and found out the market-place; whence we returned with the hoods of our Valencian cloaks stuffed full of bread, grapes, pomegranates, oranges, and with small flasks of excellent wine. After this experiment we knew how to dine in Spain.

On the morrow, at day-dawn, we left Alicante. A small car conveyed our baggage, and we ourselves walked on foot, after the car: for some distance the road ran close by the Mediterranean; then it struck inland into plains without verdure, which extended as far as the eye could reach. At the approach of evening we perceived a beautiful forest of palm-trees, harmoniously relieved against a sky reddened by the setting sun. We reached Elche, and were forcibly struck with the picturesque and truly Arabian aspect of that little town. The interior of the houses are furnished with small squares or court-yards, and most of these court-yards are planted with palm-trees, which throw over their terraces a graceful fan of broad green leaves. The town is divided into

two quarters by a ravine, which is crossed by a beautiful, light, narrow bridge, resembling an aqueduct. Here and there the plants of the prickly pear, or what the French call the Barbary fig-tree, are seen around the dried-up bed of the torrent, with their substantial leaves, arrayed with spikes. From the lofty arches of the bridges there are two admirable points of sight: on one side the wood of palm-trees and abrupt mountains form a stern and poetical landscape, which recalls to memory the best pictures of Poussin; on the other side, on some rugged heights, the eye discovers the calcined ruins of the old town, long ago destroyed by fire. At the head of the bridge is a marble fountain, where an observant artist may always find good subjects. The young damsels of the town repair thither to draw water, and to fill their amphoræ, or vases of elegant and classical forms; and, to protect the water from the heat of the sun, they cover the vases with their graceful mantillas. But the best time for a visit to these choras, or fountains, is in the evening: then you see animated groups of young people, talking, laughing, singing, and love-making, until the shades of night begin to fall, when they retire by twos and threes, each maiden bearing her classical amphora on her head. As I mused by the fountain of Elche, I could not help thinking of Goethe, and repeating his words: "in the old time before us, it was by the brink of fountains

that young people formed friendships, and that marriages were settled; and beneficent genii have ever loved to frequent fountains, wells, and all sources of pure water."

It was with great regret that, on the next day, we quitted the pretty little town of Elche. We still observed groves of palm-trees, aloes, and many plants of the prickly pear. After a walk of two hours we reached Albatera, a charming village, the houses of which are only one story high, with a terrace at the top. On one of these terraces a number of peasants were singing and playing the guitar. Beyond the village, we began to ascend a stony path, flanked on either side with the cactus and aloe. On the summit of that hill is an old Moorish chateau, now converted into a church: we walked from one scene of enchantment to another; smiling towns and villages succeeded each other at very short intervals. Everywhere the country was rich and well cultivated. We could not but deplore that so fair a region should be so often exposed to the catastrophes of nature, and that earthquakes should, almost periodically, destroy entirely one or more villages.

In the evening we arrived at Orihuela. This town, in the midst of the most beautiful plains in the world, is charmingly situated on both banks of the Segura. Its square towers, crenelated walls, and scattered domes, give it quite an

oriental aspect. The gardens which surround it, by their high cultivation and the richness of their fruits, may rival even the Huerta of Valencia. Orange, citron, pomegranate, and mulberry-trees mingle their foliage, filling up the space even to the horizon. Everywhere vegetation seeems gigantic; and the fertility of the soil is such, that it has passed into a Spanish proverb: "*Plueva à no plueva, trigo en Orihuela*"—"Whether it rain or not, there is corn in Orihuela."

Our arrival was on a fair day, and we had much trouble in finding a conveyance for Murcia. Our innkeeper, however, did at last discover a *galera*, which was to set out two hours after midnight. The muleteer, for a very moderate sum, agreed to carry our baggage. At the appointed time we quitted our posada and traversed the town: many of its inhabitants were sleeping in the streets, or on the threshold of their doors. The serenos, or watchmen of the night, with lanterns in their hands, passed close to us, and stopped a few instants to look scrutinizingly at us. When we had passed beyond the walls of Orihuela we heard, far in the rear, the dull regular noise of the wheels of our *galera*, which could not keep up with us.

From time to time the plaintive cry of some hares broke the dead silence of the country: the limpid light of the moon and the freshness of the

air were delicious, and we felt an unaccustomed and delightful emotion of quiet joy and well-being. A fresh breeze, the forerunner of day, soon set in; the sky then assumed tints of green and rose and anon of gold; and quite suddenly, the sun in all his majesty arose. Every moment we met troops of Valencians, on foot and on horseback, all wrapped in their picturesque striped mantles. A courier, whose approach was announced at a distance by loud sounds and tinkling of bells, also passed close to us: seated on his big leather letter-bags he looked rather uncomfortable; and gave us but a poor idea of Spanish government couriers. It was broad daylight when we came in view of a hill, at the foot of which a little river flowed, freshening all the landscape; one might have believed oneself in some remote corner of Normandy; fair green meadows stretched far and wide; here and there we saw clay cottages covered with thatch, and the sky, which most unusually happened to be veiled with a light mist, added still farther to the illusion. It was indeed a scene of Normandy.

Not long afterwards we entered Murcia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MURCIA.—LUIZ DE BELLUGA.—AN ÉMEUTE AT MURCIA.—THE BASIN OF LORCA, AND THE INUNDATION OF 1802.

THE soil on which the city of Murcia now stands has been the theatre of most desperate and sanguinary struggles between the Carthaginians and the Romans, Goths and Vandals. Then came the Moors, and that long series of heroic wars between the Mahomedans and the Christians, which belong as much to poetry as to history.

Yet Murcia has nothing of classical antiquity about it. The city is not mentioned in Spanish annals until the commencement of the eighth century: it passed successively under the yoke of the Kalifs of Damascus, the Kalifs of Bagdad, and the Moorish sovereigns of Cordova. In the thirteenth century, when the empire of Cordova was dismembered, it became the capital of a separate kingdom; of which the audacious usurper, Aben-Hudiel, got himself proclaimed king; but he did not long preserve his conquest: being hotly attacked by the Moors of Granada, the Mahomedan usurper implored succour of the Christian king of Castile, and from that

moment the kingdom of Murcia was annexed to Castile, and followed its fortunes. Alphonso X. peopled it with Catalans, Arragonese, and even French. There still exist in Murcia some old families whose names betray their French origin.

Murcia has sustained two memorable sieges; one, of the first invasion of the Moors, and the other, during the war of succession. Being devoted to the Bourbon, Philip V., it was besieged by the Austrian Archduke Charles, who claimed the Spanish crown, and who was in possession of Carthagena, Orihuela, and many other towns in this part of Spain. Its garrison consisted of little more than a troop of undisciplined peasants; but the bishop of Murcia, Luiz de Bellugu, whose robust noble figure recalled to memory the warlike prelates of the middle ages, was a hero and a man of military genius. Under his direction the river Segura was turned from its course, the banks of the canal were cut, the reservoir opened, and the whole country inundated; the archduke was compelled to retreat, and Murcia was saved. Not satisfied with this first success, the intrepid bishop put himself at the head of his warlike bands, assumed the offensive, took Orihuela by a *coup-de-main*, and, unexpectedly presenting himself before Carthagena, constrained that city to surrender after a few days' siege. He was subsequently recompensed by a cardinal's hat.

Murcia has no longer the appearance of a place

of arms: its ramparts have long since disappeared; scarcely a trace remains of its lofty towers. When we entered into its narrow and crooked streets, we were much struck by the air of solitude and sadness which reigns over this ancient capital of a kingdom. We might have fancied we were entering a city abandoned by its inhabitants. The posada where we put up was silent and deserted: we walked through the great hall and the kitchen without meeting a soul; at length, at the end of an interior court-yard, we discovered, some Valencians playing at cards, and saw some gipsies shaving the backs of some mules stretched on the ground. The hostess, who appeared to command all these men, looked at us disdainfully as we deposited our baggage in a corner of the court, and then, without saying a word to us, she sprang on a horse, ornamented with a great quantity of red worsted, and rode away. We were almost famishing; but on applying to the man-servant, he told us, with great indifference, that they never lighted fires there until the evening. We went forth into the town to look for another posada, or for one of those Spanish *tables d'hôte* which are called *casas de pupilos*: we entered into the first we came to, but the clock had not struck their hour of repast. Well knowing that it would be vain to expostulate, we went, hungry as we were, to visit the cathedral.

The façade of the edifice is encumbered with columns, pilasters, statues, and bas-reliefs in marble of different colours, the *tout ensemble* of which has a most ungraceful effect. The portal is flanked by two columns of the Corinthian order, of blue and red marble, standing upon pedestals of blue marble: it is surmounted by a statue of the Virgin, surrounded by small images of angels. In the interior of the cathedral we observed two chapels, in which the architect had, without taste or judgment, lavished with profusion a quantity of marble and a multitude of Gothic columnettes. In the sacristy we saw some wood-work very delicately carved.

On our return to the *casa de pupilos*, we found the cloth laid and our dinner waiting. It consisted of a copious dish of vegetables seasoned with pimento and red-hot pepper; this is the usual food of the inhabitants of Murcia. But far from satisfying our appetite, these condiments did but stimulate it. I suggested a slice of beef, and was begging our host to cook it without pimento, when he looked into my face with astonishment, and said—

"Are you Jews?"

"No, truly," replied I; "on the contrary, we are good and faithful Christians. But why ask so strange a question?"

"Why? eh!—because none but Jews eat beef at Murcia. You would not find a bit of beef in

all the city; I should have to send for it to Orihuela."

There was no replying to this argument, so, making a virtue of necessity, we did without our slice of beef. But our profession of faith rendered our host more communicative and more obliging. He recommended us to visit the Platera and the Traperia, the only streets in Murcia protected from the heat and glare of the sun by canvass awnings stretched across them; here, too, are the shops of the best vendors of ices and lemonades. We followed our host's advice, and entered the first ice-shop that presented itself. Some elegant senoras were sitting at little tables covered with ices and *bonbons;* the dealer was serving a crowd of customers who were constantly arriving at the door and taking refreshment in the open street. The inhabitant of Murcia is passionately fond of ice, and consumes as much of it as he does of pimento. I was told that in 1791 there was an *émeute,* because the town was left a whole morning without ice. It was at the season of the melting of the snow; and the snow that year had been unusually heavy: paths which descend from the mountain became all at once impracticable; muddy roaring torrents cut off all communication, and the muleteers, whose office it was to bring to the town its daily supply, lost their way in the darkness of night, and had

to wait many hours before they could get across the torrents. When, at length, the first convoy of mules reached the gates of Murcia, it was seized and despoiled in a few seconds, in spite of the efforts of the alguazils; and then the popular commotion suddenly subsided into perfect calm.

We were to quit Murcia in the evening, but could not do so, without visiting its pretty promenade, which runs along the bank of the river Segura. Seated by the iron grating of the botanical garden, we there saw stretched out before us the charming road we were about to take. At certain, or rather uncertain, distances, it disappeared behind clumps of willows, tall-growing laurels, or pomegranate-trees loaded with fruit. We now cast a last glance on the town of Murcia, veiling itself in the shadows of night; and then struck off from the road.

After walking for two hours through the Huerta of Murcia, we gained our alcanturilla, the inhabitants of which had long been buried in sleep; we then traversed a thick olive grove, from which we had scarcely emerged ere we entered Sebrilla. It is a village of picturesque aspect, which formerly belonged to the dukes of Alba. Like many other villages and towns in Spain, it is divided into two nearly equal parts by a deep ravine, crossed by a bridge. At this season, the water which usually flows through the chasm was all dried up; but in winter,

and at the melting of the snows, it rushes down, forming a mighty torrent, rising to some height in the ravine. The connecting bridge at Sebrilla is composed only of one arch, and is very beautiful.

At day-dawn we perceived on our right the lofty Sierra de Espana; and shortly afterwards we arrived at Alhama, a little town seated at the foot of the mountains, famed for its baths and mineral waters. Here a few hours of sweet sleep sufficed to restore our strength: we then resumed our march, and before the close of day reached Tertana, where it was our intention to pass the night. Giraud found time to make a sketch of the pretty fountain which ornaments the plaza or square of that little town.

The next morning we started for Lorca. The country now appeared bare, arid, and dreary; we walked leagues without seeing a sign of cultivation; and only here and there the monotony of the scene was broken by an olive grove. We had been insensibly approaching the mountains.

Scarcely had we crossed the ford of the little river Sangonera, than we distinguished, on the flank of a high steep hill, the church towers of Lorca, and the line of ramparts which formerly protected its Moorish castle.

After having visited the smiling, animated towns of the kingdom of Valencia, when we first arrived at Murcia, we were astonished at the *tristesse* of that capital. But Lorca ap-

peared to us more *triste*, more desolate even than Murcia. The steep streets of the upper town were quite deserted: in other parts we met groups of gipsies, who abound in this part of Spain; but the real masters of the town appeared to be a set of big, lean, hungry dogs, that howled and barked incessantly. After many turnings and windings we came to a posada, and knocked at its rusty iron-bound door. In about a quarter of an hour, an old man, with white hair, unbarred the door, and introduced us into a large dim hall, without uttering a syllable. We asked a servant lad if we could have something to eat; but the servant was as silent as the master. Giraud and I could not help expressing our astonishment at the singular manner of our two hosts. We did not think that either master or man could understand French; but the old posadero, after looking at us for some time, came close up to us, and said in tolerably good French—

"Ah! Messieurs, we have not always been so melancholy as we now are. In the days of my youth, Lorca was a merry place; every evening during the fine seasons we used to meet on the shady banks of the Sangonera to dance to the guitar and castanets."

"And whence this change?" said I.

"The inhabitants of Lorca," said the old man, in a low voice, and with an air of mystery, "have

been a prey to an unconquerable sadness ever since the day that our Lady of the Rosary withdrew her protection . . . . . Alas! the justice of heaven has visited this unhappy place!"

"But by what crime can this terrible chastisement have been merited?"

"I dare not say; a true Spaniard ought to ignore the faults of his forefathers: it is, however, thought that our misfortunes proceed from that wicked spirit of innovation and change which is more and more obtaining mastery in Spain. . . . . Without doubt you have heard of the inundation of 1802?"

"Were you an eye-witness of that catas—?"

"I lost in it my father and my children! . ."

Here the old man was silent. His countenance —severe and sombre enough before—became still more overcast. I said a few words to cheer him, and made him sit down near me. Giraud gave him some of M. de Lessep's excellent cigars; we ordered a flask of Alicante, and when he recovered his composure, we pressed the posadero to relate the incidents of that terrible inundation.

"It is a long time ago," said he; "about the year 1792, Lorca was then enjoying in peace the fertility of its territory. Numerous canals, which traversed our country in all directions, promoted abundance and fecundity. From time immemorial, every proprietor, however poor, could command a sufficient supply of water to irrigate

his fields. We all lived happily and tranquilly; yet one man was enough to change our prosperity into misery: his name was Lenourda.

"Powerful at court, daring, intriguing, and enterprising, this man conceived the idea of uniting in one immense reservoir all the waters that were scattered over our territory. Mad as was the scheme, it found its supporters. There are always men easily seduced by any novelty. Two parties were formed at Lorca: even members of the same family disagreed and quarrelled about the reservoir. This effervescence was at its height, when Lenourda returned from Madrid with most extensive powers: the Government authorised him to construct the basin, and had given him the entire charge and management of his new system of irrigation; we were obliged to submit to the will of the court.

"You cannot imagine, messieurs, the fearful size of the lake he made up among the mountains, by collecting and confining all the waters.

"And that gigantic work, with its excavations and enormous dykes, cost immense sums of money. Our farmers could no longer obtain water, except at a ruinous price. A great many of them threw up their lands or ceased to cultivate them. A rumour got abroad that the partisans of Lenourda got their water cheap enough. Men's minds became inflamed; our town was threatened with intestine war. The Government then adopted

rigorous measures: some of the most riotous were banished the kingdom; some unexpectedly disappeared, without any one being able to say what had become of them. In shoft, Lorca was suffering under an incredible despotism, and we despaired of seeing the end of our misfortunes, when that terrible catastrophe befel us.

"One day—it was the 30th of April, 1802,—the grand dyke of the basin suddenly burst and the waters precipitated themselves on our town, overthrowing everything in their way. Where are now our pleasant suburbs, our hospitals, our mother church, and the magnificent convent of Mercy, whose thick and lofty walls seemed built to endure for centuries? Where is now the house of my poor fathers? Where are my friends, my children? Alas! all disappeared in a few hours.

"The irresistible torrent carried away men, animals, houses, trees, and countless wrecks of property. From the ridge of a mountain where with a few of my comrades, I chanced to be at the time, I heard the fearful noise, and saw the terrific sight. We could do nothing but kneel and pray to God! The torrent bore along its prey and soon had rushed from our sight.

"It was calculated that 6,000 human beings perished, and that 24,000 animals were drowned: but we could never correctly ascertain the full extent of the loss. For the space of more than

sixteen leagues, all the villages in the plain were destroyed or greatly injured: even Murcia and Orihuela suffered by the inundation.

"The unhappy Lenourda, the cause of all this woe, had arrived at Lorca only a day or two before the bursting of the dyke. Was he impelled hither by Divine wrath? Several of our townsmen saw him rush to meet the descending torrent with out-stretched arms, with horror and despair written in his face, and he was one of the first to be whirled away with the mad, roaring waters."

The old posadero ceased his narration, and after muttering a few unintelligible words, he bowed to us and disappeared.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROAD TO BAZA.—ANDALUSIAN KNIGHTS.—THE FESTIVAL OF THE VIRGIN.—GUADIX.—GIPSIES OF THE KINGDOM OF GRENADA.

THE next morning we found ourselves embarrassed about our baggage. The route from Murcia to Grenada is looked upon as one of the most dangerous in all Spain, and muleteers do not willingly travel by it. All those to whom we applied in Lorca told us long stories about robbers. We were thinking of returning to the sea-coast, in order to embark at Carthagena, for Malaga, when we learned the arrival of two dealers in tomatas, who were going to Guadix, and intended to set out that evening.

Our old posadero told us that some unfavourable reports were in circulation against these two men. But we hoped the dealers in tomatas might prove better than their reputation; and we determined to come to an understanding with them. We found that they were not at all anxious to have the honour of our company; they were in the habit of travelling by themselves; they hardly knew indeed whether they could spare us a mule. I succeeded, however, in making them

more sociable. At length they agreed, at rather a high price, to carry our portmanteau; and we, on our part, agreed to travel only by night, in order that the mules should not be distressed. This treaty being concluded, we started at twilight with the dealers in tomatas.

We had left the fortifications of Lorca far behind us, when we perceived, at some distance, a group of men, who appeared to be watching and waiting for us. Was this one of those ambuscades of robbers of which we had heard so much? We looked at our carbines, and thought of using them. The men now approached, and our two dealers in tomatas met them and entered into a very familiar conversation. Now and then they turned their heads to look at us: after some very animated talk, which I could not understand, the strangers gave us *buena noche*—good night, and went their way.

We now advanced through a very rough country, abounding in hollows and ravines. We had just crossed the little river of Guadalentia, when we were overtaken by a caravan of mules. This long file of beasts of burden followed a conductor-ass who directed the march with great gravity and sagacity. We came to a little venta, where the muleteers stopped to drink some brandy. The moon had now risen, and her magical light shone on the wild and extensive landscape. The silence was profound and solemn. Giraud had gone into the venta with the muleteers, and I was left alone with

the animals. Suddenly a human form glided from the shadow of the house, and stood up right before me in the broad moonlight, and with imperious voice demanded my passport. It was an *escopetero*. I hastened to satisfy him, but he found it difficult to decipher the passport by the light of the moon, and I believe that he would have arrested me on the spot, if Giraud had not come to the rescue. My friend had been hob-nobbing with the gendarmes, and had thus captivated his good will.

We had already entered Andalusia, and were in the kingdom of Grenada. After a march of several long hours we reached Velez-Rubio; the first village we had met since leaving Lorca. Our muleteers conducted us to the *plaza*, where we made good provision of bread, wine, fruits, and vegetables. One half of the day was spent in preparing our dinner, and eating it: and the other half in sleep. When, towards evening, we continued our journey, the road ran in a narrow valley, between lofty mountains: from time to time we saw beautiful springs of water and clumps of tall green shrubs; occasionally a peasant or two approached to ask us for a little tobacco. Now the road plunged into the dried-up bed of a torrent: it was shaded by lofty trees, and in the midst of it there ran a narrow thread of deliciously cool water, of which our mules could hardly drink enough. Night had now set in: the sky was covered with clouds; and yet these

nights of Andalusia shed a powerful influence over the mind and heart: the singing of the *arrieros* seemed more sweetly melancholy and charming than by daylight.

After we had gone through a large village, one of our guides perceived that a mule was missing: he went back in search of it, and his comrades threw themselves on the ground to take a little rest. This good example was not lost upon us; we wrapped ourselves in our Valencian cloaks, and were soon fast asleep.

At length, as day was dawning, the *arriero* returned with the stray mule, and our caravan renewed its march. We continued to advance between two chains of mountains, seeing, at intervals, the loftier ridges of the Sierra Nevada. For some time we kept close along the bank of the river, the name of which our muleteers could not tell us: its brown and rugged banks reminded us of those of the Tiber below Rome. On our right a beautiful cascade leaped into the valley, filling it with freshness. The low lands through which we were passing appeared fertile and well-cultivated, but the mountains were bald and bare. On turning the projection of a rock, we discovered an errant family sitting in its shade: men, women, and children, were sitting in a circle on the ground, feasting gaily on bread and olives. At last we arrived at Cullar de Baza, where we were to take our siesta and wait the approach of night.

The fresh breeze of evening was stirring amongst the trees, producing a noise not unlike that of a water-fall, when we again took to the road. All of a sudden we observed a reddish flame flash across the sky and disappear, which might have been taken for a shooting star; but very soon the entire horizon seemed to be illuminated, and a bright red flame appeared on every mountain peak. The muleteers enlightened our ignorance. To-morrow they said would be the grand festival of the Virgin; the red flame which we had at first seen had proceeded from a hermitage, on a hill close by; it announced to the faithful the hour of mass and prayer; the fires which crowned the heights, to the distance of several leagues, had been lighted by the devout peasants: it was in this way that those who were not able to attend the mass at the distant hermitage rendered their homage to Our Lady. At the same time, as though the heavens wished to take part in the celebration, broad sheet lightning played at intervals along the horizon.

Towards midnight we reached Baza, and put up at the Posada del Sol. We found that the innkeeper was a French refugee: he had been lucky enough to make money in Spain, and he received us as countrymen and friends. Our dealers in tomatas now demanded three dollars to carry our baggage as far as Guadix. Our Frenchman proved to them that such an exor-

bitant price was never asked from poor travellers, and he undertook to find a muleteer who would do the job for much less: he also acted as our cicerone in the town. The festival of the Virgin had attracted an immense crowd of Andalusians to Baza. They were gathered inside the churches and also around the doors, and appeared to follow the religious services with much devotion: they were all in their gala dresses, and most of their costumes were truly beautiful. The ladies went to mass in black silk dresses, with the characteristic mantilla and the still more distinguishing Spanish fan. If they were coquettish, their coquetry was accompanied by reserve and modesty. The whole day was most agreeably spent.

On the morrow, at three o'clock in the morning, we left the Posada del Sol and our good countryman, who rose thus early to shake hands with us: our light baggage was put on the back of an ass, which was driven by our *ner arriero*. The road lay across the Alameida, or promenade of Baza, where fountains and *jets d'eau* discourse sweet music, and agreeably cool the air. We went through a country invaluable to the painter. The sun rose brilliantly; the mountains assumed the most magnificent colours, and the vapours which floated away through the valleys wore the most exquisitely delicate tints. After climbing up to a very rough

eminence, we obtained a full view of the Sierra Navada, with its cloud wreath of glittering snow. The country was dotted with small round-headed pine-trees.

The road continued to ascend, yet the heat was most oppressive. At length a valley opened before us, and we distinguished, at the foot of a little hill, our much-desired resting-place.

The Venta de Gor is situated at the entrance of an immense plain, watered by numerous streams and rivulets. Our rest there was short: from the venta the road sloped down into a well-wooded and picturesque country. In the middle of the plain we found the charming little town of Guadix, in itself a jewel.

Guadix, which contains about 9,000 inhabitants, was first founded by the Moors, who gave it the name of Wadi-Ash. The old Moorish ramparts and turrets are still standing. But the most curious circumstance is that Guadix is a quarter inhabited by gipsies, and many travellers have gone through the town without even suspecting their existence: but this will be understood when it is known that these gipsies dwell in chambers dug in the sides of the hills, which commence just beyond the walls of the town.

Nothing on the hills betrays the subterranean existence of the gipsies, except the top of a stone chimney here and there seen rising a foot or two above the ground. We were looking on

every side to discover the entrance into one of the grottos, when we caught the merry sounds of castanets and a guitar. Without being aware of it, we were at the door of a *cueva*—and it opened before us. Far from regarding us with suspicion or ill-will, the gipsies very kindly pressed us to enter. We found ourselves in the midst of a fandango: the dance went on with increased spirit, Giraud took up his pencil and began to sketch, to the great delight of our hosts; I took a guitar and strengthened the orchestra. Even while drawing Giraud had learned the step; so, throwing down the pencil, he ran and presented his arm to one of the prettiest of the *gitanas:* and my friend displayed so much grace, and rattled his castanets with so much vigour and elegance, that he was covered with applause. Every gipsy wished to dance with him: he left one partner only to take another, and finished his performance by falling on a seat, exhausted,—but triumphant.

CHAPTER XX.

GIPSY CUSTOMS.—ROAD FROM GUADIX TO GRENADA.

THERE are certain ancient races which appear to have the privilege of preserving their original character and native physiognomy perfectly intact. Such are the gipsies; for centuries they have been wandering over Europe, and their religion, their poetry, and their customs travel with them. They are met everywhere: at the extremity of Norway as well as on the shores of the Mediterranean; they were in France in the middle ages; they still wander in constitutional Spain; and in all times and places they remain the same: never suffering the influence of the people, among whom they live in a state of isolation, to prevail over them. Whence do they come? No one can tell. Some give them an African origin; others maintain that their original country was Asia,—from some part of India, or Thibet, between India and China. But the history of their emigrations and peregrinations has never been traced: their language, in which the learned detect a good number of Sanscrit words, bears no resemblance to any modern language. In our days this exclusive race has begun to disappear from many countries which they once frequented. By

slow degrees the gipsies have almost abandoned the centre of Europe. Civilization has driven them before her as a barbarous herd: they have emigrated from country to country, from province to province. The great mountain-chains have often retained them; for there they have found a quiet retreat. There are still some families of gipsies scattered in the lonely passes of the Pyrenees. The north of Spain was, for many years, the scene of their brigandage and rapine. But the people rose against them; the government pursued and tracked them; and the Gitanos were obliged to fly southward, to the shores of the Mediterranean. A good many have fixed themselves in Andalusia, where they exercise various useful arts and handicrafts: notwithstanding this new phase in their existence, they are not sensibly changed: the characteristic signs of their race are immutable. The Gitano of Guadix, in his subterranean chamber, offers a perfect image of the gipsy race, and is a living testimony of an ancient people who, in so many countries, have perished and disappeared. These Gitanos are tall, active, and generally well-made. Their complexion is much darker than that of the Spaniards: their features recalled to my mind the Arab type; when their women are handsome, they are exceedingly so; but even the ugliest of the Gitanos have splendid black eyes, and a most penetrating glance. They have retained the ancient Spanish costume,

and though their dress may be in rags, it is always put on with a certain style, and worn with grace. They have small dainty feet, and pride themselves on wearing the smallest of red morocco shoes. On their holidays they adorn their raven black hair with whatever flowers they can procure. I know nothing of their chastity: I only know that, even in the presence of strangers, they make no scruple of dancing the most lascivious dances.

Men, women, and children, are, above all things, greedy of gain—this is the foible of the race: here they are said to be treacherous, thievish, and lying. The greater part of them are tinkers, mule-clippers, farriers, or horse-dealers; but they are apt at any kind of work, and for the smallest piece of money will display a prodigious activity. Thus, they are useful in a country where labour seems to be regarded as a humiliation: yet the Spaniards think that the Gitanos are mad. According to these proud people, a man ought to do nothing but rest or fight. The ancient Spaniards were much of the same opinion: Strabo relates that, the Iberians having seen some Roman centurions visiting the posts and walking on foot along the roads, treated them as lunatics, and forced them to go back to the camp.

On returning to our inn, the evening was well advanced. We asked for a private room, in which to pass the night. The posadero smiled, and pointing to the large barn where a great number

of travellers had assembled, he said,—"Sleep wherever you like."

I was spreading my cloak on a sack, when Giraud called me: he had taken possession of one of the benches in the kitchen. These benches, made of stone, are let into the wall, and are sometimes covered with straw matting. In winter they serve for drying the dresses of the wet traveller. I installed myself opposite to Giraud, and passed the greater part of the night in a sort of half-sleep, contemplating with lazy eye the dim figures of the *arrieros*, who were constantly stumbling against our portmanteaus. At day-dawn, the signal for departure was given, and soon the caravan was in march.

On issuing from the town, our road lay for some distance along the Alameida, which was embalmed by the perfume of plants and flowers that will not grow in our trist climate: beyond the promenade, we entered the highway. The country we traversed was diversified with conical mounts, resembling *tumuli*. Local legends undertake to explain their singular forms: in remoter times, this region was the scene of a grand cataclysm;—an earthquake, or an inundation, turned it all upside-down, and projected these cones. By degrees these hills closed upon one another, forming gorges of a wild melancholy aspect.

According to custom, we were walking a good way a-head of the caravan; we had our carbines

on our shoulders, and, alone in that wild scene, had certainly very much the appearance of a couple of brigands. On getting clear out of a narrow defile, we unexpectedly found ourselves in the presence of a company of terrified women and children, who fled at our approach to the side of a man who was armed with a gun; as timid sheep run behind the shepherd's dog. We walked on peaceably, and without appearing to notice the new success we had obtained with our long beards and our warlike equipment. The poor people soon discovered that they had nothing to fear from us, and joyously gave us the Spanish good-day, as we passed them.

The road now disappeared in the midst of a grove of trees, which was watered by the little river of Alhama: we waded through the stream, and then ascended a steep mountain, at the summit of which we found a ventorilla excavated in the rock. Here the *arrieros* are accustomed to repose for a short time. From that elevation the eye takes in a vast extent of country, including the snowy ridges of the Sierra Novada. In the curious ventorilla we found an old Spaniard, who was travelling with a great quantity of merchandize. The harness and trapping of his mules were ornamented with in umerable small pieces of glass and looking-glass, which glittered in the sun. Although armed to the teeth, he expressed an anxious desire to travel with us: so after a short rest, we set out together. We perceived in the

distance the small town of Dieman, which appeared always at a considerable distance from us. We reached it at last, and passed through it without stopping. We were anxious to arrive at Granada.

The *arrieros*, however, wished to make a short halt at the fountain of Cereso; the light translucent waters of which are highly celebrated in all this part of Spain. Not far beyond the fountain, we found that we were obliged to take a few hours of rest at Goeto-Santillana.

On the morrow, at two hours after midnight, we were again on the road. The landscape ceased to interest us; we could only look forward. Our minds were full of Granada. We were about to enter the ancient capital of the Moors; we were going to see the Alhambra, the Generalife,—those marvels of Arabian architecture. We kept repeating to ourselves the popular quatrain:—

"El que no ha visto Sevilla
No ha visto maravilla;
El que no ha visto Grenada
No ha visto mada."

"He who has not seen Seville, has not seen a wonder; he who has not seen Granada, has seen nothing."

For some hours we travelled through a smiling and variegated country. Then a deep and extensive valley presented itself beneath our eyes. Granada was beyond, right before us, with its cupolas and innumerable towers reflecting the rays of the morning sun.

CHAPTER XXI.

GRANADA.

In an admirable rivalry and emulation between Art and Nature, one hardly knows which most to admire,—the marvels of architecture, or the splendid varieties of scenery. Verdant meadows, jetting fountains, orange-groves, dark forests of oak, enchant the sight; and the mind is overpowered by all the historical recollections to which those stone and marble edifices give rise. Religion also displays her magnificence of holiness in a vast cathedral, where statues of the twelve Apostles, in gilded bronze, stand against twelve columns with most grandiose effect. Beautiful frescoes cover the dome of the temple. Nor can I forget the frescoes of the Carthusian church. A painter ought carefully to preserve the memory of those remarkable works of Antonio Palomino.

But for us, Granada consisted chiefly in the Alhambra: we repaired thither immediately after our arrival. The ancient palace of the Moorish kings, La Casa Real, crowns the heights and the eastern declivity of Mont Cerro de Santa-Elena, whose base is bathed by the peaceful waters of the Genil and the Darro. On every side, the

Casa Real commands a view of the country, and the city of Granada lies at its feet. Around the palace, and even within its precincts, flanked here and there by grand square towers, the different quarters of the old town are picturesquely grouped; a church, a convent (now deserted), and the unfinished castle of the emperor Charles V. In ascending to the Casa Real, we first crossed the ancient Plaza of the Vivarrambla, which used to be the theatre of tournaments and the chivalresque games of the Moors. Then, the Spaniard who acted as our guide, led us into the narrow and steep street called the Zacatin; which, according to a proverb of the people of Granada, the Darro promised to give as a dower to the Genil,

> "Darro tiene prometido
> De casarse con Genil,
> Y le ha de llevar en dote
> Plaza nueva y Zacatin."

We wound round a beautiful promenade which encircles the mountains, shaded by laurels, planetrees, and beeches. At nearly every step, water gushed out of the mountain-side, to fall into vases and reservoirs of pure white marble. We were soon standing before the gate of Las Granadas, and the Spanish Torre del Guicio (the tower of judgment), which is still riddled with the balls which entered it during the last war in the Peninsula. It was in front of this tower, in the time of the Moors, that the Cadi, and occasionally

the king himself, administered justice and pronounced judgment. Under the Ogival gate we observed a hand, and, at some distance from it, a key, sculptured in marble. "The enemy will take this palace, when this hand can grasp the key:" so said the Moors in their hour of confidence and pride. At the foot of the tower, there is a pretty fountain of the time of Charles V., and under the archway of the Gate of Judgment, an altar with a Gothic inscription. A very narrow street conducted us by the Torre del Vino (the wine tower), to the Plaza de los Algibes On our right we saw the half-ruined towers of the Alcazada; a terrace extended in front of us; and on our left was the palace of Charles V. with its elegant sculptures. That edifice concealed from us the modest gate of the Alhambra, which opens upon an obscure angle of the Plaza de los Algibes. It is here, in this plaza, that wells have been dug which descend to the narrow river; and the aquadores, or water-carriers of Granada, come to draw the cool stream for the supply of the town. Their presence produces continual animation. Turn and turn about, you see them approach, and then stop under the shade of the straw matting, which is suspended over the mouths of the wells. You are deafened by the incessant noise of chains and pulleys. At every instant, asses loaded with pretty amphoræ, filled with water, troop across the square. We amused

ourselves with the lively scene before we penetrated into the Alcazada.

The great court of this fortress, formerly the quarter of the guards of the Moorish kings, is surrounded by lofty walls and ancient towers, which time and the glowing sun have enriched with warm golden colours. The tower of homage, which the present government has turned into a prison, rises *à-pic* on rocks which descend to the bed of the Darro.

We visited the Torre de la Vela, whence we viewed, at the same time, the city and the plain; the Alpujares, covered with snow, and the distant gorges of Loja. They pointed out to us the silver bell suspended on the summit of this tower, the sound of which is said to be heard at the distance of ten leagues round. The bell was originally destined to give the signal for letting out the waters to irrigate the fields.

When we returned to the Plaza de los Algibes, we remained some minutes in front of the terrace, to contemplate a portion of Granada and the whole of the Albaysin, the ancient Moresque city, now peopled by gipsies. We were then conducted into the palace of Charles V. Vast, isolated, and forming an oblong square, this palace has numerous gates and doors, each of which is ornamented in a style peculiar to itself: the principal entrance is decorated with columns and trophies, cut in a kind of jaspered marble, the

varying shades and tints of which are brought out by the bright sunlight. In the interior rises a tower, between two ranges of handsome porticoes, supported by thirty-two columns. In spite of all this sumptuousness, the edifice impresses one with a sentiment of melancholy, for it is all fast falling to decay.

The sad feeling inspired by the building was still upon us when we heard a clock sound an hour for devotion. That instant our guide hastened on a few paces from us, fell on his knees, and prayed with fervour: his prayer ended, our pious Spaniard, with infinite gravity, returned to us, and said,—

"Do you perceive that little chapel down on the bank of the Genil, to the left of the bridge? . . . . It was there that the Christian conquerors stopped to pray, before making their triumphant entrance into Granada. And ever since that time, every day in the year, three hours after mid-day, the great bell of the cathedral calls the faithful to prayer. Happy the man who finds himself in the plain at that moment, for our Holy Father grants him plenary indulgence, if he only says three *paters* and three *aves!*"

It was indeed, on the immense plain of the Vega, that, on the 3rd of September, 1492, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Ferdinand the Catholic and his queen, Isabella, arrayed their army in order of battle, and received the long-

desired signal which announced that Granada was theirs. The commanders, officers, and soldiers, all awaited the solemn moment with deep, religious silence. Of a sudden, a crash of trumpets was heard; the banner of the Cross had just appeared on the highest tower of the Alhambra. The next instant the whole army was seen piously kneeling on the ground with their king and queen, to thank God for that great victory; and Ferdinand, being the first to rise, fervently ejaculated *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis; sed nomini tuo gloriam.*

Listening to our good Spanish guide, and reflecting on the exploits of Ferdinand the Catholic, we arrived before a small low door. At the silvery sound of a little bell, the door flew open. Involuntarily we uttered a cry of admiration. At length we had caught sight of the wonders of the Alhambra: it was like an evocation of the Thousand and One Nights.

At first we entered into a spacious *patio*, a hundred feet long and fifty broad, which was refreshed by waters in a large reservoir. On every side glittered slabs of white marble, columns of porticoes, and marvellous embroidery of arabesques. On our right extended two galleries, one above the other: the lower gallery conducted to the winter palace, which Charles V. destroyed, and of which there remained nothing but the gate, most richly worked in marquetry. On our left

was the Torre de Comares, one of the noblest of the Alhambra. On either side of the *patio* extended a suite of remarkable saloons: some of them were formerly the harem, or apartment of the women; these are styled *El quarto de la Sultana.* Others, enclosed with iron grating, were destined by Ferdinand the Catholic to serve as a depot for archives. It is here that they preserve the magnificent porcelain vase which, in olden times, adorned the garden of the beautiful Lindaraja. "Oh! vase," says the Arabic inscription, "thou art comparable to a king! thou wearest like him the golden chain and the crown:" it is most exquisitely enamelled; the designs are in azure blue and gold. We lingered some time in the *patio de la Albara,* the marble of which is almost concealed by passages from the Koran, and Arabic maxims. Our guide then conducted us to the end of the great court, near to the Torra de Comares, the lofty walls of which are covered with mysterious devices. At every moment we found these words:—*Va le ghalibile Allah!* (God alone is conqueror).

The Spaniards relate, that as the Moorish king, Aben-Amar, was one day returning victorious from a campaign against the Christians, his enthusiastic people threw themselves at his horse's feet, and shouted, "Ghalib! Ghalib!" (conqueror, conqueror) and that the religious prince replied, "God alone is conqueror;" and forthwith ordered that

these words should be engraven on the walls of the Alhambra.

Before entering the Torre de Comares, we contemplated, for a long time, a light, airy peristyle; its sculpture and open fretwork were most exquisite. On one side of the door appeared these words: —"Let the man who admires my beauty, without attributing it to God, keep his five fingers closely joined together." Even now, it is by tightly closing his hand that the Arab thinks to guard himself against dangerous influences.

We ascended the marble stairs of the peristyle. Right and left are small niches, elegantly worked. It was in these, according to oriental usage, that the Moors admitted to the honour of approaching the king were bound to deposit their embroidered slippers. Here and there patches of bright colours, and scarcely perceptible lines of gold, proved that these airy columns, and walls, historied with arabesques, were formerly enriched with gilding and painting. The costliness of the materials must have added much to the splendour of this *chef-d'œuvre*. We also observed, under the peristyle, the small staircase of the mosque, which Charles V. disfigured, in order to convert it into a chapel.

Loitering for some time by the way, we at last entered the hall of the ambassadors. It is a large apartment, more than sixty feet in height. Facing the door of entrance, which opens on the peri-

style, stood the Moorish throne, in the midst of exquisite sculptures. Inscriptions are mingled with arabesques in the most ingenious manner. For Arabic letters, by the elegance and variety of their form, lend themselves to all the caprices of art, and of themselves contribute greatly to the general harmony of the decoration. The walls, up to the height of a man, are covered with rich mosaics, wherein are prodigalized a thousand figures of fruits, flowers, plants, stars, crescents, entwined with each other, forming an admirable effect. On the other parts of the walls are long arabesques in stucco, relieved by a ground of vivid blue or Turkish red, and which, at certain intervals, are made to descend the walls, to form medallions for the inscriptions. The original ceiling of the hall has disappeared. It is said to have been a most brilliant congerie of pearl, mother-of-pearl, jasper, porphyry, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones and materials. It has been replaced by a ceiling of inlaid wood, to which time has already given a sombre, yet beautiful colouring.

Owing to the enormous thickness of the wall, the embrasures of the windows resemble small chambers. The decoration of these windows is in the purest taste, offering a perfect model of the best period of Arabic architecture. But these exquisite windows can only be described by the pencil, not by the pen.

It is difficult to form an idea of the immense number of devices and Arabic verses which decorate the hall of the ambassadors. We were almost angry with ourselves at not being able to decipher these (to us) unknown characters; for we had soon exhausted the learning of our guide, who had only learned by tradition the meaning of some of the principal inscriptions. For the most part they consist of moral maxims and religious thoughts. Sometimes the inscription celebrates the glory of a deceased king. At others it refers to the use, to which the particular spot where it is placed, was originally destined: thus one of them indicates that in a certain part of the hall were deposited "The wise writings conservative of the Faith." It is even said that these MSS. were discovered and destroyed by the clergy of Granada in the course of the last century.

Over the door of entrance, facing the spot where the throne stood, there is this passage from the Koran—"By the sun and his rays, by the moon which follows him, by the day and its bright light, by the night and its stars, by the heavens and Him who made them, by the earth and Him who gave it its wide extension, by the souls of men and Him who predestined them, there is no other God than God."

Underneath the hall of the ambassadors are some curious chambers, which lead to dark sub-

terraneous prisons. Passing rapidly through those melancholy cells, we re-ascended and visited a long gallery constructed by Charles V. The gallery terminates in what is called "the boudoir of the Queen of the Moors." Perched on the summit of one of the towers, the boudoir rears its delicate little columns of white marble aloft in the blue air. The view from it is so enchantingly beautiful, that we could scarcely quit the spot. Unhappily, some of the columns were cut down by order of Charles V. Others have been imbedded in masonry, on which that prince caused some frescoes to be painted. These paintings—always wretched in their effect—are now scratched and scribbled all over with the names of numberless obscure visitors. Well were it for art and the lovers of art and antiquity, if this barbarous practice were never exercised upon objects of more merit or beauty. But, alas! some of the most beautiful marbles and stuccoes in the Alhambra have been sacrilegiously defaced, in order that the world may know that a Louis Patelin, or a John Smith once visited them.

Recrossing the Patio de la Lindaraja, we inspected the baths of the palace. These halls, of a perfect elegance, receive the light of day through small apertures made in the roofs or in the cupolas. Formerly the apertures were closed with pieces of stained glass of different colours, or with thin pieces of transparent mother-of-pearl. The dis-

position and arrangement of the baths are the same that are now found in the baths of Cairo and Constantinople. But here, everything is artistically arranged and beautifully finished.

After visiting an ante-chamber, which Ferdinand the Catholic spoiled by injudicious restoration, we entered the Court of Lions: the magnificence of which our guide had highly extolled. Here we paused to listen to the sweet voice of an invisible songstress, which was delightfully repeated by the echo of those marble porticoes. The song, of most plaintive melody, was the old ballad of Aben-Amar, universally known in the Peninsula; and which suggested to M. de Châteaubriand his "Last of the Abencerrages." The story of the ballad ran thus:—

"'Aben-Amar, Aben-Amar, Moor of Mauritania, the day of thy birth was a day of great prodigies. The sea was all calm, the moon was in her onward crescent state. A Moor born under such happy signs never ought to lie.'

"'Then,' answered the Moor, (listen well to what he said) 'I will never tell a lie to thee, my lord, though truth should cost me my life. I am the son of a Moor and of a Christian captive. When I was yet a child my mother told me that I must not lie; that lying was a vile baseness: therefore ask me, oh king! what thou wilt, and I will assert the truth.'

"'I thank thee, Aben-Amar, for this thy cour-

tesy. . . . . What castles are those which rise so high yonder, shining in the sun?'

"'That is the Alhambra, my lord; the other is a mosque, and behold, too, the Alijares, so marvellously wrought. The Moor who worked upon them gained a hundred doubloons a day, and forfeited a hundred doubloons the day on which he did not work. Beyond these is the Generalife, a garden which has no equal; and yonder are the vermilion towers, forming a palace beyond compare.'

"'Then,' said the King Don Juan (oh, listen well to what he said), 'Granada! if thou wouldst but accept of me, I would give thee both Cordova and Seville for thy dower.

"'I am married, King Don Juan,—married and not in my widowhood. The Moor who possesseth me cherisheth me with infinite affection.'"

The voice of the songstress was that of a young girl; but we looked for her in vain—she still remained invisible. The Court of Lions was solitary—and we beheld nothing before us but a forest of white columns; the well-defined shadows of which seemed to be motionless, and themselves part of the marble galleries. The four faces of this patio were formed of arcades, supported by columns of white marble. The eye grew weary in tracing their various contours. The columns appeared now single, now complicate, seeming so light and frail, that one expected every moment

to see them sink beneath the weight above them. The arabesques, by which they are crowned, resemble fine transparent gauze. That embroidery, net or lace-work, of marble, might be taken for fairies' work. Elegant cupolas rise on either side of the Court of Lions, intervening between the long lines of the arcades. The airy terraces which formerly surmounted the arcades were crushed, during the last century, under a roofing well worthy of the bad taste of that period. The Fountain of Lions, so well known from drawings and engravings of it, rises in the centre of the patio. But it is long since the vaulted roofs of the galleries echoed the soft refreshing sounds of falling waters. The Fountain of Lions is dry! "The source of the waters," says the legend, "was stopped; for the waters were exhausted in washing out the blood with which the heads of the Abencerrages had stained the marble." There are yet at Granada imaginative Spaniards who believe that they have seen by the light of the moon the white ghosts of those unfortunate princes wandering under the mysterious arcades of the deserted Alhambra.

We visited several other beautiful halls; some of which were curiously painted. In one, called the Hall of Justice, were portraits of several Moors, seated on a divan. They date from 1460, and furnish us with the knowledge of the rich costumes worn at that period by the Moors of

Granada. We could not but advert to that text of the Koran which interdicts the imitation of the human form or that of any living creature.

The Alhambra produces the profoundest impression of the beautiful in art; but does not surprise by its size or grandeur. Its dimensions appeared to us even smaller than they have at times been represented by unskilful engravers:* but its beauty is incomparable, and is due to the exquisite grace of its proportions. Elegance and harmony reach to the very verge of enchantment. It is not so much a palace as a fairy mansion. To have conceived it originally, to have formed the dream, and to have made of that dream a reality, the man must have been rich, young, happy: he must have had the enthusiasm of a poet! the power and the magnificence of a king!

* Most engravings, whether English, French, or German, err on the other side. They make every part of the Alhambra appear more spacious than it really is.—TRANS.

CHAPTER XXII.

M. DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE AT THE ALHAMBRA.—THE GENERALIFE.—THE TOMB OF GONZALVO, THE GRAND CAPTAIN, ETC.

We must not quit the Alhambra without speaking of a certain volume which was shown to us by one of our countrymen, M. Conturier, then at Granada. It was a curious book: intended to receive the signatures and remarks of tourists. The Russian prince, Dolgorouki, presented it, and explained his object in so doing in the following words, written on its first page:—"Many travellers who visit this palace having the deplorable habit of defacing its walls with their names and remarks, this book has been presented to the Alhambra by the Prince Dolgorouki, to prevent similar outrage in future."

The first signature we observed in the book dated as far back as 1829. It was the signature of M. le Vicomte de Saint-Priest; then ambassador of France, and now one of the most influential members of the Legislative Assembly. A little lower down, we found the name of another French tourist; at that time little known to fame, his only passion being a passion for literature, but who already possessed all that vivacity and petulance

which have since rendered him a political notability. It was that of M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who, with magisterial authoritativeness, gave to the Alhambra a sort of *satis fecit;* he had written on the register—

"I have visited this palace, and have been satisfied with it."*

It is to be regretted that the governments and cabinets which since 1830 have succeeded each other in France have not always been able to obtain from M. Duvergier de Hauranne a similar certificate.

The day after our visit to the Alhambra, we directed our steps towards the Generalife; the country palace of the Moorish kings. A narrow pathway, skirting the hill on which the Alhambra is situated, was the road we took. We remained for a short time near the spot where formerly stood the Gate of the Mills—Puerta de los Molisros—through which the unhappy Boabdil fled; and we soon arrived at the entrance of the Generalife. We found ourselves transported into the midst of charming gardens, overlooking the Alhambra, and which descend, by a succession of terraces, to the foot of the hill and to the flowery

* I could match this French story by similar English facetiæ. A tourist from Yorkshire told me at Naples that he had seen the Bay and Vesuvius, and did not think much of them.

A John Bull (of bullish intellect and dimensions), who had been taken by his family over St. Peter's at Rome, exclaimed, on coming out of that wonderful edifice, "Well! I have seen St. Peter's, and, thank God, that is over!"

bank of the Darro. At almost every step we passed a babbling fountain, or a clear gushing spring. On the summit of a hill stood two elegant pavilions, united by a long gallery with Moorish-looking windows and with the air of a cloister. The walls were covered with arabesques and delicate fret-work. But we ought to have seen it before visiting the Alhambra to render it all the justice it merited. The interior was not remarkable. In an enclosed private garden we were shown the cypress-tree of Queen Alfaïma. According to tradition, it was under this tree that the queen was surprised by the traitor Gomel, at the moment she was placing a crown of flowers on the head of the handsome Abencerrage. If we may believe Spanish writers, and among others Don Jose Morales, who, in 1842, published an historical and critical Memoir on the antiquities of Granada, the cypress-tree was, even in the queen's time, two hundred and eighty years old. The tree did, indeed, appear to us of most venerable antiquity. It had escaped many dangers: the pen-knives of tasteless visitors who consider it of importance to carry off souvenirs of their travels, had neither respected nor spared it: and the guardians of the place had also been driving a profitable trade by selling pieces of the tree ready cut. The governor of Granada had been recently obliged to resort to severe measures, in order to put a stop to the barbarous devastation committed here and at the Alhambra. A few years ago, the greater number

of tourists, *and particularly the English*, did not scruple to break fragments of mosaics and other exquisite ornaments from the palace walls. A whipping at the cart's-tail would not be punishment sufficient for such extreme Vandalism.

On quitting the Generalife, we ascended the height called "the Moor's Saddle"—*la Sella del Moro*, on which the palace called La Novia formerly stood. Thence we perceived the distant hill, where the fugitive Boabdil paused to look for the last time, upon his capital. The hill is still called "the Last Sigh of the Moor"—*el Ultimo Suspiro del Moro*. Abandoned by his escort, Boabdil fled across the country with his aged mother Ayesha. As night approached, the conquered and utterly-ruined prince sat down by the wayside and wept aloud. "Weep, my son," said Ayesha; "weep like a woman; since thou couldst not defend thyself like a man."

Mysterious was the fate of Boabdil. According to some authorities, he perished ingloriously in a battle with the barbarous tribes of the north of Africa: according to others, he became a schoolmaster at Fez, and in that humble profession grew old and died. It is said that many of his descendants, the posterity of the Moorish sovereigns of Granada, fell into such a state of distress, that they subsisted, by begging alms at the gates of the mosques.

Every evening, after we had finished exploring

the Alhambra, we betook ourselves to the beautiful promenades which surround the city. The Alameda, washed by the Genil and the Carrera, extending along the banks of the Darro, received our most frequent visits. We loved to mark the rapid course of the last-named river, whose waves formerly brought down gold-dust and pellets of gold. We were assured that, in 1520, the people of Granada offered an imperial crown made of gold collected in the Darro to the wife of Charles V.

Nor did we neglect to examine the artistic curiosities of the city. Its cathedral, built on the site of a grand mosque, has never been completed. We found there some fine pictures and several pieces of sculpture largely and boldly executed. Alonzo Cano, an esteemed master of the Spanish school, was for many years a priest of this church, and enriched it with some of his best works. His "Virgin of the Solitude" is a splendid picture, replete both with severity and melancholy. The celebrated Chapel of the Kings—*la Capella de los Reyes*—is placed near the sacristy: it has some fine old portraits. On each side of its altar are kneeling statues of Queen Isabella and Ferdinand the Catholic; their tombs are in the centre of the chapel. The monuments are of alabaster, on which two marble figures are extended, representing their successors, Joanna and Philip I. The chapel is divided into two parts. The choir is ornamented with the

arms and insignia of the kings of Spain. The iron grating, a beautiful work, was completed in 1522, by a Maestro Bartolome, whose name is engraven near the keyhole of the lock. We attentively regarded the portrait of the Chevalier Hernando de Pygar, who, during the siege of Granada, was daring enough to plant a torch and to give out an Ave Maria over the gate of the grand mosque. For this trait of courage he was allowed the privilege of a seat in the choir of the cathedral, and had the honour conferred upon him of being interred in the chapel-royal.

In Granada strange contrasts are not wanting. Near the cathedral we found a Moorish bazaar, which had been ruined in 1843, during a terrible conflagration, and has since been very ably restored. In the street or Calle del Banuelo, at No. 30, we visited some Moorish baths, with horseshoe-shaped arcades. Near these baths is the church of the *purissima concepcion*, which has recently been converted into a prison. Within it are some marble lions, of larger size than those of the Alhambra. In ascending the Calle de la Vittoria, we observed a charming Moorish house, of which the patio, galleries, and windows were all enriched with sculpture. Nearly every moment, in our walks through the Albazin, (the old quarter of Granada,) we met with attractive fragments of Moresco architecture. There it is, as I have already said, that the gipsies now dwell. From

the terraces of the Alhambra, the smoke of their forges was constantly to be seen. When the Moors fled from Granada, carrying with them the keys of their houses, the Albazin became the abode of this mysterious race. One of our friends, recently returned from Tetuan, assured me that in that African town there were yet Moorish families to be found who still preserved the keys of the houses at Granada, which had been transmitted to them from generation to generation.

We also visited the Chartreuse, which was adorned with a quantity of precious marbles and carved wood. The sacristy and, above all, the *guardaroba*, in which the sacerdotal robes were kept, were amazingly rich. The solid silver columns of the sanctuary were replaced by painted wooden columns during Bonaparte's wars in the Peninsula. The French were accused of having effected this change. Returning from the Chartreuse, we visited the great madhouse, founded by Queen Isabella, which was completed during the reign of Charles V. The architecture is that of the Renaissance period, in its most strongly-developed style.

Not far from the madhouse stands the now solitary convent of St Jerôme, which encloses the tomb of Gonzalvo de Cordova, the Grand Captain. This monument is a truly national glory, and the figure that of a Spanish hero. Born between the period of the middle ages and our modern times,

contemporary with Bayard and the youth of Charles V., Gonzalvo descended into the tomb at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

From his boyhood he fought against the Moors of Granada, under the orders of his father, Don Diego de Cordova. Very early in life he had command of a company, which became celebrated. Amidst divisions and distractions which then desolated Spain, the young Gonzalvo, faithful to the traditions of his house, marched always under the banner of his legitimate king: faithful to the party of Isabella and Ferdinand, the king learned to appreciate his military talents in the plains of Taro, where he triumphed over the king of Portugal.

Isabella and Ferdinand found in Gonzalvo, the invincible arm that was to drive the Mussulmans out of Granada. For the space of eight years he fought for this noble cause. After numerous sieges, and the capture of Setenil, Malaga, Baeza, and Couil, Gonzalvo crowned his former exploits by reducing Granada to a capitulation, of which he himself drew up the conditions. When the victorious army was entering the city, as some recompense to him, King Ferdinand ordered that he should carry the royal standard of Castile.

After the period of the Moorish wars, the Grand Captain had the French for his adversaries. The champion of Spain in Italy, he repulsed our

powerful invasions of that country, resisting the warlike usurpations of our kings. It would be difficult to say who, in these stern struggles, displayed the most courage—the Spaniards, headed by Gonzalvo, or the French, commanded successively by the duke of Montpensier, the duke de Nemours, La Palisse, and d'Alegre, but the military superiority was certainly on the side of Gonzalvo. Superior in strategy, he obtained great results with very inconsiderable forces; he humbled the pride of the French, and completely established the supremacy of the Spaniards in the Italian peninsula: his honours and rewards were proportionate to his services; but the glory he acquired excited jealousy and suspicion in the heart of Ferdinand. When the Great Captain was about to return to the kingdom of Naples, of which he had been proclaimed viceroy, it was intimated to him that he must think no more of Italy, but remain quietly in Spain. He retired to his estates a discontented and unhappy man—and soon sank into the grave.

All Spain wept for the loss of their hero. In 1486, Ferdinand and Isabella had already founded the convent of St. Jerome. It was there the people of Granada deposited the mortal remains of the conqueror of Boabdil, and of the French. In a chapel dedicated to his memory, the arms of Gonzalvo de Cordova are supported by statues of soldiers cut in stone: his tomb seems to be con-

structed on the same model and with the same magnificence as those of the Spanish monarchs. In his votive chapel, the same as in the chapel-royal, there is a kneeling statue on either side the altar,—one is of Gonzalvo, the other that of his young wife.

We could always pass with pleasure from these historical subjects to the animated spectacle of the present population of Granada.

There may be other parts of Andalusia where the women are more striking, or more correctly beautiful, but here the ladies have an easy and winning grace and a sort of familiar coquetry which are delightful. The character of the inhabitants certainly contributes to render Granada one of the pleasantest places in all Spain for a foreigner to live in. You have not the dissipation, the intoxication of Cadiz, but something far sweeter,—a soothing and charming tranquillity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN THIRTY YEARS AGO.—A STORY TOLD BY AN ESCOPETERO.

DURING the whole course of our journey through Spain, there was no place which we quitted with so much regret as Granada. Very often our happiest time was when we left a town and returned to the high road: now it was altogether different—we were quite melancholy—absolutely grieved to quit the charming life we had been leading; and our posadero had become attached to us, in proportion as we had become attached to his native town. He insisted on conveying us as far as the Malaga road; and, as he walked by our side, he kept repeating the Spanish proverb—

"When God loves a man, he sends him to live at Granada."

We soon found ourselves in the midst of the beautiful plains of La Vega. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, men on horseback with their wives behind them, and great cars drawn by oxen, whose horns and forehead were decorated with tresses of scarlet or blue worsted, were continually passing us.

In a few hours we reached a small town of Santa Fé, where we joined some *escopeteros*, who

remembered seeing us drawing in the Alhambra, and had taken us into their friendship.

Pointing to some villages to the right of the road, one of these gendarmes said—

"It is scarcely two years ago, since those places were nests of robbers; all the inhabitants, without a single exception, made robbery a trade. Yet now there is nothing to fear; they have been disarmed *en masse*. We killed a great many of them, and are ready to kill more."

Here he placed his finger in his mouth, and added—

"Take my word for it, we have now got them under our teeth."

And he then told us that their pursuit had been a difficult enterprise; that it had been found necessary to employ a numerous force; that the prisoners taken were all shot after a drum-head trial; entire villages had been decimated one after the other; and that at length the surviving robbers surrendering, were all deprived of their arms.

"But can it be true," said I, "that smuggling and robbery are regarded by your peasants as regular and lawful professions?"

"Nothing more true," replied the soldier. "The Andalusians of the mountain are robbers or smugglers from father to son; and the government of her Majesty the Queen will yet find it difficult to make these people understand that the two professions are not perfectly honour-

able. Moreover, I might say, that this manner of regarding matters is very common among all classes of Spaniards, even with men who neither smuggle nor rob. The brigands are not hated in this country, nor are they even despised. They constitute a sort of intermediate class between common criminals and quiet honest people. Spanish travellers conclude bargains and treaties with them, and are not ashamed to do so. Even the diligence companies are accustomed to consider robbers as a professional body, with whom it would be unwise to quarrel."

After a rest of some hours, we continued our journey along the Malaga road; we were soon in the midst of the most perfect solitude; we could see no road before us, or rather, there were a thousand. An infinity of tracks, worn by the feet of mules, furrowed the immense plains, and travellers took one track or the other, according to their fancy. Without the gendarmes, we should never have extricated ourselves from that labyrinth of paths. An immense white cloud, resting on the horizon, formed, with the sun and the distant mountains, one of those grand landscapes which Salvator Rosa delighted in. Twilight and night descended while we were in the midst of that desert: it was nine o'clock ere we reached our posada; that day we had marched more than ten hours.

We were called up the next morning by the

escopeteros; we set out immediately. The country now became wooded; we crossed a little river, and arrived at Loja in the forenoon. The road in the plain was now more defined. Continuing our route, we began to ascend the chain of mountains that we had seen at a distance the preceding evening.

Giraud was very anxious to hear more talk about the banditti. I asked the gendarmes whether the robbers were not very pitiless.

"It cannot be denied," said he, "that the Spanish robber holds the life of a man at a very cheap price. If, at times, in some dangerous expedition, he happen to kill his adversary, he says a few extra *aves* in the evening, and has no doubt that his patroness the Virgin will obtain his pardon. Yet, generally, the Spaniards are not more cruel than other people and——"

"My comrade is right," said the senior of the party, interrupting him; "and you French, have you no reproaches to make to yourselves, on the score of cruelty? Your countrymen are terrible when they are let loose in an enemy's country: they respect nothing; neither sex nor age; neither the innocence of young girls nor the feebleness of children and old people. I, who speak to you—I was very young then—I suffered! They hanged me until I was red!"

"Hanged you!" cried I.

"Even so. One of their squadrons came forag-

ing near our village; all the families had fled away to the mountains. My father was with the Spanish army. I know not how it happened, but I remained at home, with nobody but my grandfather, who was very old and infirm.

"The Frenchmen came into our village; they went from house to house, overturning, smashing, and sacking everything they thought worth carrying off. From time to time my grandfather and I heard the report of muskets, which were fired into key-holes to force the locks. We trembled with fear, and grandfather José and I fell on our knees, and prayed.

"Presently they came to our door, and broke it open. There was a dozen of them, and one could speak Spanish. This man seized my poor grandfather by the arm, and, shaking him roughly, roared out, 'Lead us to the place where you have concealed your provisions!'

"'We have concealed nothing, because we have nothing,' said old José.

"'You lie!'

"'No: I do not.'"

"During this time the other soldiers rummaged all our coffers, and pried into every hole and corner. They were furious at not being able to discover anything.

"'Will you, or will you not, tell us where you keep your stock of oats, rice, wheat?'

"My grandfather remained silent.

"'I see,' said the soldier, 'you are obstinate—I must untie your tongue. You shall be hanged until you are *red!*'

"The next instant those infuriated demons seized the unfortunate old man, dragged him out of the house, and placed him under an olive-tree which stood in the court-yard.

"'Will you speak now? Speak, and nothing will be done to you.'

"'I have nothing to say,' replied José.

"They formed a noose; and hanged the old man to a branch of the tree. . . . . I was sick—my head swam, and my eyes closed. . . . . At the end of some seconds I heard a voice say, 'Will you speak now?'

"José was red—his blood was suffocating him—yet he made a sign that he would not speak.

"'Oh! I will master you yet,' cried the soldier. . . . . 'Hang him until he is blue!'

"I was near fainting, but I heard a voice shout, 'Hang him until he is black!'

"When they took down the poor old man he was stone dead. I believe I should have met the same fate—for they had already hanged me red—if an officer had not ridden up, and delivered me out of their hands."

The old *escopetero* was still speaking, when, at a turn of the road, we saw three men armed with muskets, the barrels of which glittered in the sun. It was only the patrol from Malaga, advanc-

ing to meet our companions. These last exchanged the pass-word with the new-comers, bade us a cordial farewell, and turned their faces towards Granada.

The evening was far advanced—it was long since we had parted company with the *escopeteros*—and yet no distant light announced the little bourg of Alfenate, where we had hoped to find a resting-place. In vain we asked the very few travellers we met, how far off it was. They all replied that it was only a league. But Spanish leagues are often interminable. We were knocked-up, and very sleepy. We bravely took our resolution, and, drawing our cloaks around us, laid down on the ground. I believe that Giraud was asleep, when, in the dead silence of the night, I distinguished the distant sound of a guitar. I roused my friend, and, guided by that nocturnal musician, we soon arrived at the gate of a posada. We knocked, the music ceased, and a rough voice cried out—

"What do you want?"

It was not without a long debate that we succeeded in dissipating the misgiving of the posadero. At last we heard him lift up the heavy iron bar, and the door was opened.

We found ourselves in the midst of a numerous and animated society. Some of them looked at our carbines, and then muttered "*Contrabandistas!*" The good people took us for smugglers;

but the reception they gave us was not the less cordial for all that. The music was resumed, and the young ones began to dance. After the baleros, there was a good round of singing of Spanish songs. Giraud joined in some French romances, and then he and I sang *in duo* some Italian canzonettes. Our success was complete, our fatigue quite forgotten; if we could believe the Spaniards we would have sung all night, *malgré* our fourteen hours of march.

The next morning we set out as the sun was rising, wishing to arrive at Malaga that evening. We stepped out manfully. The road serpentined capriciously from hill to hill. The atmosphere was magically transparent, and light, and bright. our spirits were as buoyant as the air, our hearts exultant. Oh! the joy, to a true artist, of travelling in this careless independent manner, through a beautiful and poetical country!

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLMENAR.—A SPANISH SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.—RIGHT OF LIFE AND DEATH.—MALAGA; ITS STREETS, ITS PORT, AND CATHEDRAL.—THE CAVE OF ANTEQUERA.—THE GROTTO OF THE FIG-TREES.

At Colmenar, in my quality of purveyor-general, I went to the butchers' market, and there got some insight into the way in which certain trades are managed in Spain.

All the housewives of the town were waiting in front of the *Carneceria*, or slaughter-house, which was not yet open; just as a crowd in Paris may be seen waiting at the door of a theatre. I took my post with the rest, and amused myself by studying a bull-fight which was painted on the gate with the fiercest reds and brightest greens that ever a colourist invented. The artist had evidently concentrated all his strength in the execution of a black bull, which was bounding in the midst of the arena. With his head lowered to the ground, the bull seemed preparing to receive a picador on his horns. The terrified *chulos* were running before the redoubtable animal, waving their mantles in the air to distract his attention. In the back-ground were spectators with excited countenances and uplifted arms, and some spectatresses were agitating their

fans in a melancholy manner. I was going to make a sketch of the pathetic scene, when the gate was thrown open and the picture disappeared.

Then I perceived, at the extremity of a great hall, the figure of the town-butcher, who was standing on a wooden platform and leaning on his axe, like an ancient lictor. At his feet, lay a dead sheep; at his side, on a large block, was a pair of scales—emblem of Themis. He waited a little, until silence was established in the hall: when the last murmur had ceased, he began to cut up his victim; he hacked away at his own caprice, and without the slightest attention to the wishes or wants of the spectators, who were all so many customers; then he weighed his pieces of meat, announcing the weight of each piece with a loud voice, "One pound!" "One pound-and-a-half!" "Two pounds!" and so on; his next simple operation was to pitch the piece of mutton at the customer who said "That will do for me." There was little freedom of choice—in fact, no picking and choosing at all—and the customers were evidently glad to be served in any way, or *tant bien que mal.* The money was passed from hand to hand, to a young man who was seated on the steps, on a level with the purchasers. By leaping up in the air, I succeeded in intercepting, in its passage, a good bit of mutton, which was evidently destined for another person; thus easing my mind

as to this important contribution to our dinner, I put it triumphantly into the hood of my Valencian mantle. I however remained in the hall until the close of the spectacle. Bit by bit, all the mutton was disposed of. The butcher gravely descended from his stage, leaving his boy to turn out the *maladroit* spectators, who had not been able to get anything in that game of catch-ball. The gate was soon closed, and I made a sketch of the pathetical bull-fight.

On our departure the sky was lowering, and the sun, concealing itself at intervals, threw over that immense landscape grand shadows of clouds. The mountains formed long chains, one succeeding to the other, and the last almost losing itself in the trembling mists of the horizon. All at once, Giraud stopped and exclaimed, "Look! look! how beautiful all that is; and yet there are rich people in the world who will die without ever having seen anything of the sort."

The next moment we heard loud cries, and on looking along the road, we saw four robbers conducted by two *escopeteros*. Three of the professional gentlemen, bound together with cords, walked on quietly enough, but the fourth was restive; and refusing to move one of the gendarmes was beating him with his ramrod, to get him into motion. This robber was a man with grey beard and white hair. At last he threw himself on the ground, and replied to every blow

with piercing cries. The *escopetero* threw down his ramrod, carefully knocked the white-ash from the end of his cigar, cocked his musket, and pointed it at the head of the refractory thief, who thereupon got up in a hurry, and ran to rejoin his comrades.

"Would you have really killed that man?" said I to the gendarme.

"Certainly," said he, "and there would have been no great harm in that; for he is the greatest rogue of them all. But now whilst I think of it, we have had a long march, and perhaps the old fellow is really tired."

At this moment a muleteer, with a mule and a donkey, came along the road.

"Holloa!" cried the *escopetero*, "just dismount a minute, and help me to tie this man on your ass. We are going to Colmenar."

Without murmuring, the *arriero* did as he was bidden. Then the gendarme made a *papelito*, or paper cigar, lighted it, and presented it to the man whose brains he was going to blow out a minute before. "There," said he, "smoke, you old rogue." And then turning to us, he courteously said, "Signors, cavaliers, go with God." The gendarmes and the brigands went their way, and we ours.

We were now approaching Malaga. The mountains, descending as they approached the sea, changed themselves into hills of singular

forms. They looked like the mamelons of a fortification; but they were all covered with vineyards; and on the summit of each was a vine-dresser's cottage.

It was evening when we reached the gates of the city. Numerous troops of horses, mules, and asses, loaded with fruit and vegetables, blocked up the way: we could scarcely get through the narrow streets, which were everywhere crowded. At every minute we were stopped, and driven against the wall by great high cars, furnished with straw mattresses, and covered in with white canvass. Then came a long file of donkeys, loaded with small boxes full of Malaga raisins. At every turn they were sawing planks, or nailing up raisin chests, or hammering at almond cases. The noise was stunning: the court-yards of the houses were full of women seated on the ground, packing up raisins. We met numerous aquadores, with large earthern vases on their shoulders, and plenty of itinerant fish venders, who carry their fish in a very peculiar manner.

We stopped at one of those respectable inns called *Foudas*, which are found only in large towns. This was a departure from our usu[illegible] custom, but we had good reasons for it. [illegible]abs

Giraud and I had letters of credit to an am[illegible]nsive more than sufficient to pay our travelling exp[illegible] driven but our bankers had not correspondence i[illegible]ted the

town of Spain, and until we could get to Cadiz, our letters of credit would be of no avail. Now, on arriving at Malaga, and paying the diligence for the carriage of our portmanteau, all the money that remained in our common purse was about tenpence. And, on this account, we took the resolution of putting up at the first inn in the town, where we should not be obliged to pay day by day. For the rest we relied upon Providence; and so sallied out to see Malaga.

We went down to the port. It appeared to be crowded with vessels: on the quay were pyramids of fruit-chests ready for embarkation, and hogsheads of wine and barrels of Spanish brandy without end.

The mole, which protects the port against the winds of the north and west, was begun in 1581, at the foot of the hill called Guadelfaro. It was almost finished when it was found that the *débris* washed from the hills, and the land slippings which took place in the rainy season, would by degrees fill up that part of the port. A strong wall was therefore constructed between the hill and the mole-head.

Near the castle is a lofty lighthouse. A frigate, or a ship of equal size, can scarcely enter the port without danger. The sands brought down by the strong current of the Mediterranean, and by the mountaters of the river Guadeldimena, whose mouth, che is close by, threaten in time to block

up the port altogether. Malaga has owed her continual prosperity to her geographical situation.

Strabo and Pliny attribute the foundation of this city to the Phœnicians; it was conquered by the Carthaginians, and afterwards by the Romans; Architectural remains of the Roman period abound in the province. The name Malaga—Phœnician according to some, and Hebrew according to others—is said to have been derived from the word *Melak*, which signifies salted fish; a trade in that commodity in ancient times forming an important part of the commerce of the city.

In the years 1582, 1583, 1637, 1649, Malaga was ravaged by epidemic diseases, which decimated its inhabitants. It escaped the awful earthquake of the 1st of November, 1755, which caused such havoc in Europe; but, on the 27th of the same month, it was nearly swallowed up by the sea.

From the roadstead the view of the city, with its picturesque harbour, its mountains, and Fort Guadelfaro, standing on a hill six hundred feet high, is agreeable, varied, and interesting. The principal tower of this citadel is said to have been built by a Greek colony. As early as the second Punic war it served as a lighthouse, and position to watch the movements of pirates. The Arabs fortified it, and united it with other defensive works. In 1487, when the Moors were driven out, the Christian sovereigns ornamented the

walls with their royal escutcheons. Formerly the tower communicated, by means of a covered way, with Aleayaba, a Moorish fortress, now almost destroyed, and made use of as a custom-house. There however remains a beautiful moresque archway, called *Puerta de la Cava;* it is in the form of a horse-shoe, but the columns which support it are Roman.

As we were walking round the port, we saw a tower rising above all the houses of the town, and directing our steps in that direction, we soon found ourselves opposite to the principal church of Malaga. The façade is overloaded with flowers cut in white marble, and with other ornaments in bad taste. Nevertheless, the whole, taken together, presents an aspect of grandeur which strikes you, and scarcely permits you at first to perceive the intrusive inconsistency of the details. A grand marble staircase, about twenty feet high, gives an air of majesty to the edifice. But scarcely any part of this church can be said to be finished; and in these modern days, when Spainards in power think of destroying, rather than of building, sacred edifices, there is but small chance of its ever being completed. It was commenced in the year 1526, under the direction of the architect Henriquez, of Toledo, and was not brought to the state in which we now see it until 1719. There is no oneness or completeness in the design; for, during the two centuries that it was building,

every successive architect had a plan of his own.

In the interior of the cathedral the stalls of the choir are very remarkable. In his Spanish pride, Antonio Pinela said of them, that they would be the eighth wonder of the world, if they had not been equalled by the stalls of the Escurial. There are 103 in number. Forty of them were finished by the famous De Mena, who furnished the designs for the others, which were executed by Luiz Ortis, and an Italian named Michele. The organs are remarkable for the beauty of their tone and the delicacy of their ornamentation. In the Chapel of the Rosary we admired a picture by Alonzo Cano—"A Virgin and Child," full of sentiment and expression. The kneeling statues of Ferdinand and Isabella are refined, and very nearly perfect. Near them is the celebrated image of Our Lady, which tradition assures us that pious and royal pair always carried with them on their campaigns and military expeditions. But what struck us most of all was some beautiful Gothic sculpture in the chapel of Santa-Barbara. Unhappily, this *chef-d'œuvre* has been barbarously mutilated.

Malaga does not offer much material to the curiosity of the stranger. The narrow streets, like those of all the towns long inhabited by the Moors, lose their interest when the traveller has been months in Spain. We walked over the

city, without finding much to admire except its commercial activity.

Returning to our hotel, we began to think about ways and means. I said to myself, if I and Giraud were in France or in Germany, we might travel on, from town to town, and pay our way by giving fencing matches, or singing and playing the guitar in the coffee-houses; but neither of those methods will do in Spain. Giraud took it very coolly. "Why bother myself?" said he; "I shall get a portrait to paint, or an order for a picture, or something else in a day or two. Why grumble? You have had a good breakfast, and you will get a still better dinner. It is impossible that something should not turn up for good fellows like us in four or five days at the latest. . . . But stop, I have it! I will fill the purse!"

"Bah! how?"

"I will go to the French consul, and ask him to lend us some money."

"And the French consul will show you the door."

"No," added Giraud; "I will not ask him for money, it is he who will offer it."

"That would be pleasant," said I. "Let us go immediately. You must be speaker."

"I will."

We found the consul's house without difficulty. It was in the best quarter of the town, and the best house in the quarter. I confessed I was

rather confused. To recover confidence, I stopped for some minutes by the side of a beautiful white marble fountain.

"Come along," said Giraud, and we moved forward, and entered the consulate.

We were announced to the consul, who was no less a personage than the Marquis de Bourzet; were admitted and received with politeness, but, as it struck me, with formality and coolness.

The consul took our passports, examined them, and handed them over to his chancellor.

"Gentlemen," said the latter functionary, "you will have a trifle to pay for the *visa*."

I almost shuddered.

"Now for it," said Giraud, "now's the time;" and he handed over to the consul the kind letter which M. Lesseps had given us at Barcelona. The effect was galvanic. No sooner had the consul cast his eye over the letter, than he threw down his pen, rose from his seat, and led us into his drawing-room.

"Gentlemen," said he, "here we can talk more at our ease."

The room was hung round with pictures of our modern French school—an encouraging sight to two artists in our condition.

"You see, gentlemen," said the consul, "that I love the arts. With me artists are always welcome guests. Pray be seated. Have you come by sea?"

"No," said I, "we travel on foot."

"But are you not afraid of robbers?"

"Not much."

"But that method of travelling in Spain must be very fatiguing, and, perhaps, *expensive*."

"Not exactly that," replied Giraud, "and yet we have run out of money. We have between us credit for about three thousand francs, but we cannot draw until we reach Cadiz." Here there was a moment's pause. It was the decisive moment. I attentively examined the consul's face; it was beaming with benevolence; I began to breathe more freely. Giraud smiled and looked at me.

"Well," said the consul, "how much have you in hand? I know the country, and can give you advice."

This time I struck in. "This morning," said I, "we had ten pence between us, but as we have given that money to a porter, we have now just nothing."

After a hearty laugh, the consul said, "Nothing will not be enough to carry you to Cadiz, but I shall have much pleasure in advancing you whatever sum you may think necessary. A letter of M. de Lesseps is better than a bill of exchange." Seeing that I hesitated, he continued, "only tell me how much you want. Speak without ceremony, and look upon me as a friend."

"Well," said I, "I think that a hundred francs will be enough."

"No, a hundred francs will not do. It is ten days' march from here to Cadiz, and should you stop any time at Gibraltar, you will find yourselves embarrassed."

"Well, then, a hundred and fifty francs."

The consul opened his bureau and counted us that sum. I wrote him a note of hand, and begged him to forward our portmanteau to Cadiz by sea. Both note of hand and portmanteau could be sent to the French consul of that place, I said, and there we should find the luggage, pay money, and withdraw the note. As this was like giving security, the consul protested very politely, but we persisted; and he was obliged to yield.

We spent the rest of the day at the consul's house, talking of many things and many persons, but most of all of M. Lesseps, and of the noble and dangerous efforts he had made during the late civil wars to prevent the effusion of blood, and provide for the safety of the beaten Christino party.

But I must not forget my beautiful marble fountain. People dispute about the history of this work of art. Some say that it was sent by the city of Gemo to the emperor, Chares V.; that it was captured on its voyage by the famous corsair, Barbarossa, and afterwards retaken by the commander of the Spanish galleys Don Bernardino Degondoza, who brought it to

Malaga, and caused it to be placed on the promenade, where it now stands. Others affirm that it was taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto by Don Juan of Austria. But the least marvellous and the most probable opinion is, that it was ordered by the municipality of Malaga, and executed in the town itself by the Italian Michele, who has left such admirable sculpture in the choir of the cathedral. The fountain consists of a magnificent marble basin of an octagonal form, and a sculptured column which springs from the centre of the basin. The column is encircled with beautiful figures in relief, of Syrens and Satyrs, Cupids and Venuses, all spouting water from the mouth and breast. These groups divide the fountain into three parts, each part being terminated by a marble vase or smaller basin: the basins decrease in dimensions as they ascend, so that the uppermost one has just room enough to receive and retain for a few seconds the small stream poured into it from the mouth of a charmingly sculptured eagle which crowns the column of the fountain. The public promenade, at this spot, is ornamented with fine trees, and with marble busts of some of the heroes of antiquity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOURNEY TO RONDA.—ROUGHER TRAVELLING THAN EVER.—SITUATION OF RONDA.—THE BRIDGE.—THE HOUSE OF THE MOORISH KING. — FORTUNE-TELLERS. — GANCIN. — SAN ROQUE. — GIBRALTAR.

THE road from Malaga, across the mountains, is rough, wild, and desolate. We travelled under the escort of some *arrieros*, who were returning to Ronda. The ventas were deplorably bad, and were ill-provided with provisions. At some of them, when we asked what they could give us to eat, the answer was, "what you have brought with you, cavaliers." The boldness of the scenery, however, made up for every discomfort. Several of the sierras, with the ravines and passes between them, were stupendous.

Ronda, the Tivoli of Andalusia, hangs on a steep rock, which is almost surrounded by a river. This stream is called the *Guadalvin*, which signifies "the deep stream." The chasm through which it flows is the grand feature of the scene. It divides the town from some of its suburbs, and is traversed by three bridges. The old bridge of San Miguel, a work of the Moors (like nearly everything else at Ronda), is picturesque in the highest degree. The modern bridge boldly spans

the gulf, which is there nearly three hundred feet wide. The old Moorish mills underneath—deep down in the gulf, near the side of the rushing waters—are things to be seen and to be dreamed of ever after.

This gulf, called *Tajo* by the Spaniards, begins at Perdigno, about half a league above the town: near the new bridge it is nearly a thousand feet in depth; and, just below the public promenade it seems to be still deeper, the river, which runs in it, forming the most striking cascades.

The Alameda is furnished with stone seats, adorned with trees, and refreshed by running waters, conveyed through small open channels. At its extremity is a terrace, which looks down upon the enormous rocks in the bed of the river, which support the bridge. The air of the mountains evidently influences the aspect and character of the people. The inhabitants of Ronda are celebrated for their intrepidity and their love of hazardous adventures: the common people are fresh-complexioned, strong, and very active; they are nearly all smugglers or bull fighters. Not only the most famous but also the greatest number of the *toreros* come from this place. Nowhere else are the bull fights carried on with such enthusiastic passion. The Plaza de Toros, or circus, is [illegible]st in all Spain, without even excepting that [illegible]. It is built entirely of stone, and is sup[illegible] an infinite number of columns. It is

capable of containing 22,000 persons; its arena is 660 French feet in circumference. It was erected by the Ronda municipality to supply the place of a very old circus, which, one crowded day, came down with a mighty crash, and killed a vast number of people.

The house of the Moorish king—Casa del Rey Moro—well deserves a visit. It was built in 1042, by a very cruel prince and a bad Mussulman, for he drank his wine out of the skulls of those whose heads he had cut off with his own scimetar. Here is seen La Mina de Ronda, a remarkable staircase, cut down to the river through the solid rock. The exterior of the castle Del Rey is ornamented with a sculptured escutcheon and a tottering balcony. The silent court-yard, all green with grass, which had sprung up through the interstices of the pavement, was glaring with light and heat. Beyond it was a little hanging garden sustained by arcades and Moorish walls, and running close to the brink of the tremendous Tajo.

There is no counting the caves, caverns, and waterfalls in that gulf. On its brink flourish all manner of beautiful plants and flowers, and above all two or three kinds of beautiful roses. Ronda, indeed, may be called a land of roses.

We visited three charming *plazas*, one of which was surrounded by arcades, looking like the cloisters of a convent. In the faubourg of San Fran-

cisco we observed some Roman walls and two great towers.

While we were sitting at dinner in the posado (a very comfortable one), friend Giraud was puzzled by a little box, which was chained to the wall and surmounted by a gross fresco painting, representing people wrapped in fire and flames. I asked the hostess what the box was intended for, and learned that it was to receive the alms which the people were in the habit of giving for masses to get their friends out of purgatory. It was kept in the public room, because in paying bills or settling the shares of an account, there would often be a little loose money or a balance too small to divide, and it was the old Spanish fashion to pass such sums through the slit-hole of the purgatory-box. But since the suppression of the convents these usages are fast dying out. It is well the superstition should cease, but it is not quite so well that all religious belief, all reverence for things holy should cease with it, but this appears to be the case now that the Liberals are in the ascendancy. Our hostess was young and handsome, but she had a sister still younger and more handsome; a girl of elegant manners, with long magnificent black hair, which she had wreathed with the glowing roses of Ronda. While she was waiting upon us a swarthy female gipsy came into the room and took her aside to tell her her fortune.

-tout old gentleman, who was sitting on a stool,

leaning against the wall smoking a cigar, asked me whether gipsies told fortunes in my country. I told him that there were very few gipsies in France, and that most of their women were fortune-tellers.

"Ah!" said the smoker, "the inquisition tried to put down those practices in Spain. But women who are in love must needs try and look into the future. For everything else people in my country rely upon fate or Providence, without seeking to know what is to be. True, we are loyal and legitimate Spaniards, Leales y legitimos, but it cannot be denied that the Moors in quitting us left us their sports, their oriental poetry, their indifference for the future, and a very great deal more of their oriental character. Our common sayings are like translations from Arabic or Turkish. 'What is written, is written,' say those eastern fatalists: *Lo que ha de ser, no puedo fallecer;*—What must be, cannot fail to be—say we Spaniards; and we are always saying it. Also this sentence, which we employ to give courage to a friend in misfortune, '*A lo hecho pecho!*'—To what has happened present your breast—is evidently derived from the Moors."

The *arrieros* who had conducted us to Ronda brought us one of their cousins, who was going with some mules loaded with fruit and other commodities to Gibraltar, and who engaged to mount us and convey us safely to that celebrated rock.

Moreover, he complied with our request to travel by daylight, in order that we might see the country: he promised to take us up at our inn at an early hour of the following morning.

At Ronda you see neither *carros* nor *calesas;* for only mules can go through its steep streets and convey its merchandize across the rough and lofty mountains. Fruits, and particularly pears, are excellent at Ronda, and form one of its principal branches of trade. Caravans are continually setting out for Gibraltar, so that it is always easy to find the means of reaching that garrison.

The climate of Ronda is delicious in spring, summer, and autumn. The air is pure and most salubrious. We saw a great number of very aged people.* We also met there a *ci-devant* dandy of Paris; in France he had long been suffering from a disease of the chest, and had been given over by the doctors. In this sad state he travelled to the south, and came into Spain. Some unforeseen circumstances detained him for some time at Ronda. During his stay, his health was wonderfully restored. This induced him to remain where he was, and to make Ronda his abode. When we saw him he was in perfect health, and married to a charming Andalusian. He spent the greater

* The longevity of Ronda is expressed in a proverb, *En Ronda los hombres a ochanta son pollones* (In Ronda men of eighty years are chickens). Ford's Hand-book for Spain. London, John Murray. 1845.

part of his time shooting and hunting in the neighbouring country, which abounds with game of all sorts. He had never been so happy before, and had not the least desire to return to Paris and its boulevards.

At the distance of two hours from the town, on a scarped height, and surrounded by a wall flanked by great towers, stands the ancient Ronda, believed to be the Asinipo of the Romans. There is an ancient amphitheatre, but little is left of it except the portico, three arches, a few broken pedestals, and a quantity of bricks and stones, covered with broken inscriptions. In a lonely farm-house, called the farm of Ronda Veija, or old Ronda, are preserved a few sepulchral stones, with Latin inscriptions.

On the morrow, our muleteer did not come at the hour appointed. I went to look for him and last discovered him quietly sleeping in a stable: he soon got ready and we set out some hours after the sun had risen. We crossed the fine new bridge and the city, leaving on our right a charming church, which was formerly a mosque, and the exterior of which is still quite oriental. At the end of a long street we found a double line of most picturesque Moorish walls, and after passing under two pretty Moresco gates, we found ourselves on an immense esplanade, where a number of *arrieros* were lying on the ground under the shade of the fortifications; some sleeping and

some sounding the guitar, with their mules grazing near them.

We stopped for a minute at the last fountain, at which our mules drank, turn and turn about; and then we pushed along for the high-road.

At a short distance on our left was a deserted convent, beautifully coloured by time and the various seasons. A female pilgrim, who was sitting by the road-side, rose up and followed us; and we were soon joined by a man on horseback, armed with a gun, who drew in his rein and joined our little caravan, with the usual salutation "*Buenas dias, caballieros.*" And then, grave and sad, continued to ride with us without saying a single word.

By degrees, the rocks became more detached and more numerous. The country looked like a scene which had been petrified during a storm. The mules and donkeys showed wonderful address in crossing this rough road. They went on and carried their burdens where we could scarcely keep our feet. The faces of some of these rocks were as slippery as ice. Down these the poor animals slided on all fours, extending their fore-feet and gathering their hind-feet well under them. We were obliged to throw ourselves over their croups to avoid falling over their heads, which in these operations they always keep lowered. You must throw the bridle on the neck and leave the animal entirely free to his own

instinct and movements; for if you attempt to rein him up, or jockey him, or guide him in any way, you are sure to get a fall.

We reached the fountain of La Piedra, placed in the hollow of a deep defile, a famous ambuscade for robbers. Afterwards we traversed a series of villages all bearing Arabic names: as, Alajate, Ben-Ali, Ben-Arraba, Ben-Adolid, Ben-Alaurni.

The country now became less wild, and we occasionally met on the road young damsels carrying baskets of fruit on their heads. At night-fall we reached Gausin.

This town is picturesquely and amphitheatrically situated on the edge of one of the precipices of the Sierra del Hacho. It is renowned for the salubrity and mildness of its climate. Here the great heats of summer and the cold winds of winter are alike unknown. A great number of fountains, fed by a very long aqueduct, constructed in 1628, cool the air in all directions. The sick from Gibraltar and Algesiras very frequently come here in their convalescence. At about a league from the town are the mineral waters of Monte del Dugue, celebrated for their marvellous cures. On an almost inaccessible rock near the town is a fortress built by the Moors, and repaired by the Spaniards during the war of independence. In 1842, Espartero added some fortifications to it, and the fortress is now in a state to sustain a siege. To the west of the castle is an old hermitage, where a small idol,

called El Ninode Dios—the little child of God—was formerly held in great veneration all over the country. According to tradition, this image was brought from Ceuta, in Africa, by St. Juan de Dios.

Mahomedan and Christian blood have flowed in torrents in this delightful town. In 1488, Ferdinand the Catholic gained possession of Gausin, and left in it a tolerably strong garrison. But the Moors rose upon the Spaniards, and taking the careless soldiers by surprise, massacred them all. Their triumph was of short duration. The Moors in the neighbouring country, fearing to be committed, and to be made to partake in the chastisement, gathered together, and blockaded the town. The marquis of Cadiz and the Count Cifuentes soon arrived from Seville at the head of fresh Spanish troops, and the town was reconquered. All the Moors who escaped a general massacre, were reduced to slavery.

The next morning our inn was filled with the soldiers of the garrison who were singing patriotic airs. Quite mechanically we joined in the chorus. "Ha!" said they, "these cavaliers think as we do." They were mistaken as to our political views, but we could not do less than tap glasses with theirs, and drink wine with them. Poor Spain! may God yet preserve thee from the demon of politics, progress, or transition!—for, should that evil spirit prevail among thy people, farewell

castanets and guitars; farewell thoughtlessness and gaiety: and also farewell trust, faith, and hope!

But in the very instant we had a proof that the spirit of innovation has no great chance of success in this country. By some sudden fit of *gourmandise,* Giraud approached the kitchen fires and endeavoured to introduce, by the help of a squeezed lemon, a slight variation upon the three traditional sauces of Spain. He was caught in the fact by our hostess, who snatched the saucepan from his hand, and threw all its contents on the stone floor, most violently abusing him at the the same time. In vain the woman's husband endeavoured to pacify her. "Remember," said he, "that it is a foreigner." "What of that?" replied the angry hostess; "if he is a foreigner, why does he not stay in his own country? What have we to do with people who come so far off? If he has had the good sense to dress himself like a Spaniard, let him also adopt our customs, and not try to change any thing. It is a piece of good advice that I give him, and he will do well to profit by it." When I translated these words to Giraud, he said, "Very good for a cook:" and then, instead of attempting to play variations on Spanish sauces, he went into a corner to make a sketch of a mule. On quitting Gausin we descended a sort of dislocated staircase of rocks, which looked as if it had been formed by an earthquake. This is the

frontier of Granada. On the right we perceived a convent gracefully standing in the midst of Italian pine-trees. The road descended rapidly to the banks of the Guadairo. The sierra was now passed; but we repeatedly turned round to cast lingering glances on the mountains—scenery which always pleases the traveller, whether they be sterile or bare, or covered with trees and verdure.

The route which we now followed, recalled to memory the descriptions we had read of the forests of America. One immense wood of cork-trees succeeded to another, long groves of chestnut-trees presented themselves, creepers of various kinds fastened round their trunks and stems, and sprang from tree to tree; the river Guadairo, rapid and terrible in winter, was now low and tranquil. We passed it often in its serpentine course. The oleander was flourishing all along its moist banks. We crossed some green hills, covered with cattle—a sort of Switzerland in Andalusia. From time to time cars on low wheels made of a single block of wood, passed along the road screaming. The axle-trees are made of wood like the wheels, and, as they fit badly in their sockets (the holes in the centre of the wheels) and are seldom, if ever, greased, the noise produced is fearful, and may often be heard a good mile off. Yet these cars are sufficiently picturesque, and remind one of the ancient Roman vehicles. Nearly all that we saw were loaded with herbs and foliage. Some of

them were so completely covered that the branches swept the ground, concealing the wheels; while the oxen drawing them were so overshadowed with branches and leaves, that they looked as if they had taken shelter in the shade of a grove. Farther on we crossed a little river, the waters of which reflected the forms of an old ruin. At this spot all was so simple, so calm and so limpid, that I shall always regret not having made a picture of it.

The night was descending when we entered a complete forest of cork and chestnut-trees, which did not terminate until we were within a very short distance of the town of San Roque.

Our muleteer would have carried us on to the camp, or to the Spanish lines in front of Gibraltar, in order that he might enter the garrison at day-dawn. But being much fatigued, we preferred entering the first posada we came to in the town, leaving the *arriero* to continue his route alone. Except wine, this posada had absolutely nothing to offer us. One separate chamber was free; but to reach it we had to cross a corridor, where seventeen muleteers, wrapt in their mantles, were sleeping on the bare floor. We threw ourselves on the ground upon a straw mat, and were soon as fast asleep as the *arrieros*. The next morning we were up before daylight.

The town of San Roque is built upon the summit and round the sides of a conical hill. It is of no

antiquity, having been built only in 1704, after the English had taken Gibraltar from the Spaniards. The promenade is pretty and agreeable, but on the top of the hill there is a still more interesting esplanade, called Las Canones, on account of some cannons which were there placed in 1727, during the blockade of Gibraltar. Thence the view is magnificent, commanding the entrance of the strait, the African coast, Mount Abyla, the Paloma islands, the mountain chains of Los Barrios, Gimena, all the bay and rock of Gibraltar, the form of which is singular and most striking. The rock, long and lofty, terminates suddenly, on the land side, in a stupendous perpendicular cliff. "There," said I, "is Gibraltar, and there lower Africa." "Africa!" exclaimed Giraud; "let us march on and get a nearer view of it!"

Having descended the hill of San Roque, a short and pleasant walk of about two hours brought us to the Spanish lines, in front of those terrible fortifications of the English. We then crossed the narrow sandy tract, called the neutral ground, and after being detained for some time at the barriers, for the examination of our passports, we entered Gibraltar.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GIBRALTAR.—ALGESIRAS.—TARIFA.—THE VIRGIN OF THE LIGHT.—CONTRABANDISTAS.—SIERRA DE RONDA.—GIPSY MUSIC.—CHICLANA, CADIZ.—FINIS.

GIBRALTAR is a very dear place to live in, and our 150 francs were running low. But the town has its charms, and the views from it are magnificent. After a very short stay, we quitted it, walked round the head of the beautiful bay, and reached Algesiras, which faces the unconquerable rock. This town, half Moorish—half Spanish, with its dazzling white houses, large balconies, and lively population, was delightful. Castanets and guitars were heard in every street; graceful senoras, with long veils, flowers adorning their heads, and with coquettish fans in their hands, were repairing to the Alameda to enjoy the cool of the evening and the society of their friends. Giraud was so happy, so transported, that he could not help addressing some of them in the *lengua sabir*, or that very expressive language called *lingua franca*. Everything in the town seemed to breathe an air of cheerfulness and joy; but, as we set off the morning after our arrival, we had not seen much.

Our road lay across lofty mountains, but was seldom far from the shore of the straits of Gibral-

tar. We went through some glorious forests, and then, on attaining the crest of a mountain, we saw Tarifa at our feet, with its Moorish ramparts and graceful lighthouse, which rises like a minaret, a long way out at sea. In a short time we entered the town by a truly Moorish gate. Tarifa is, indeed, the most Moorish town in all Andalusia. We found a little inn, neat and clean as any house in Holland, and were extremely surprised to learn that it was kept by gipsies. Tall, slender, and supple as a palm tree, the servant girl, dressed in holiday clothes, came to meet us with a careless air, and half-closed yet laughing eyes. As she prepared to cook our dinner, and fanned the fire with a fan made of long feathers, she looked like an Indian queen about to descend from her palanquin.

We sallied forth to see the town, and found at every step some Moorish building or the prevalence of some Moorish custom. We might have fancied ourselves on the African coast or in Arabia. The legends I heard were all Moorish—everything was Moorish.

Of a sudden the narrow streets were crowded with people, and all the church-bells were set a-ringing. Multitudes flowed to the gate of the town, advancing beyond the ramparts. They were going to meet the Virgen de la Luz—the virgin of the light—and a procession which had gone in great pomp to the mountain of the same name, where the virgin usually resides,

to bring her down to Tarifa. All the women wore *tapodas;* that is to say, their faces were covered with a hood, serving the purpose of the Turkish yashmac, and leaving no part of the face visible except one eye. Tarifa is the only place in Spain in which this truly oriental practice is retained. Many of the balconies were adorned with ladies wearing this strange domino-costume.

We slowly followed the crowd which had gone out to meet our Lady of the light. At a short distance from the town walls, were some green eminences overhanging the road. Here numerous groups were assembled; some stretched on the ground, some walking up and down, others looking along the road to see if the Virgin and the procession were approaching. Among the ladies were light charming faces, beautiful feet, elastic swimming figures, and plenty of rich silks and satins and laces. Now and then some señora, conscious of her beauty, allowed her hood to remain half-open for a moment and then with a pretty, confused modesty, closed it again, looking at us through her one eye-loop. There were also some cavaliers caracolling up and down the road, on horses that were almost hid under their accoutrements, saddle-cloths and other ornaments.

But hark! a drum now is heard at a short distance. The cavaliers unite and ride to meet our Lady. The head of the procession is seen; the long

line becomes more distinct, and presently the procession passes in review before us. First comes the statue of San Isodors, the patron saint of agriculture, carried on men's shoulders; the saint has ears of corn in his hands, and near him are small figures of oxen. Behind the saint come the alcalda and the municipal authorities, carrying the celebrated image of the Virgin, before which all the people kneel. At the gate of the town there is a short halt, during which a loud-voiced prelate delivers a short discourse. Our Lady then triumphantly enters the city; and all is joy and enthusiasm. The balconies are decorated with flowers, and the ladies in them kneel and wave their white handkerchiefs.

The procession repaired to the cathedral, where the revered statue was to remain for nine days. After this *Novena*, our Lady of the light was to be carried back, with the same honours, to her hermitage on the mountain. The people of Tarifa did not go to bed that night; they stayed out in the streets, or on the plazas. But Giraud and I, who had a very long journey for the morrow, took some repose. We had been told that the road was difficult as well as long; and, therefore, we had prudently bargained for an ass, which we could ride by turns, and the owner of which might act as our guide.

We were up so early that we had to wait for the opening of the town-gates. In a short time, we came to a vast plain, inundated by the waters

which descend from the mountains. We had reason to be glad that we had taken a guide, for it was most difficult to find the way across that marshy labyrinth. In many places the water ran in deep beds, and there was not always a bridge where one was needed. As we were twisting and turning among these streams, we saw a handsome young Spaniard on horseback, galloping across the lagunes on a spirited horse. When he was near us, he threw himself back on his Arab saddle, pulled up suddenly, and said, "*Contrabandistas*, eh?" We assured him, that we were not,—that we were Frenchmen.

At this moment I was riding the donkey, and Giraud was walking. "Get up behind me," said the young Spaniard, "and I will carry you across these waters." Giraud sprung to the croup of the horse, and the generous animal, no doubt, accustomed to carry double, pranced and piaffed like a well-bred Arab. We went on side by side, and the conversation between the Andalusian and myself became very animated. I was so pleased with his attentions and conversation, and so light-hearted, that I told him if he would come to Paris, we would show him everything there was to be seen. After reflecting for a moment, the young Spaniard said,

"Have you at Paris, a sun like ours?"

"Certainly not."

"Have you a clear blue sea like this, and beautiful mountains like those?"

"I must confess, that we have not."

"Then," said the Spaniard, "I would rather stay where I am."

After crossing innumerable streams, we came to a small fountain, at the foot of a hill crowned by a Moorish castle. Here we found a patrole of custom-house officers, who approached us cautiously, and demanded our passports. They were quartered at Bolonia, a village a short way farther on, and thither they returned with us. On our way, I asked the brigadier if there were many smugglers along the coasts? His reply was this,—

"They are innumerable. Smuggling is general in Spain, but is no where so well organized as in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar. The Porto Franco (free port) of that place, facilitates their enterprises. Generally, in order to prevent suspicion, the contrabandistas send only one of their vessels at a time to the English town. There they make their purchases, load their bark, and wait for a moonless night. At the favourable moment they slip out of the bay, run along the coast, and stop at a point previously agreed upon. Here they find fifty, or sometimes a hundred men with horses ready to be loaded. If all be quiet on shore, the men with the horses make a signal; the bark is pulled to the beach with muffled oars, the cargo is rapidly transferred to the backs of the horses, the caravan strikes into the interior of the country, and the bark disappears. If the cara-

van is attacked by superior forces, the men disperse without making any resistance, and leave goods and horses behind them. But woe to the unfortunate person with whom they fall in, at moments like these. Furious at their loss and having arms in their hands, they are sure to attack and rob, if not they do kill him."

Beyond the village of Bolonia, the road struck somewhat into the interior, and the country was for some distance well wooded. After leaving the shade of the trees, we found the heat intolerable. Our guide complained of fatigue, pitied his poor ass, and talked about a posada, which was to be found somewhere.

At last, the much-desired inn appeared before us. It was a true luxury to enter within the protecting shade of a dark little room, paved with cool stones. But we found there a poor child suffering dreadfully from malaria fever, and were fain to go out into the open air, and take refuge under a trellis covered with vines. Our hostess cooked us some hard eggs, and gave us some Spanish brandy mixed with water—poor refreshments, yet very restorative at that time and place.

Almost as soon as we quitted the *posada*, we entered another thick wood, which had a flourishing reputation for robbers—so at least said a young man on horseback, who joined us, and who appeared to me to take a pleasure in frightening our guide. That poor fellow was frightened

enough; he trembled at the least noise made by the wind among the trees, and at every instant he said to us,—

"Senors! senors! be on your guard!"

He bent before every cross that stood by the road-side, and, with pale cheek and lips, muttered a prayer. The place was calm and solitary; the rays of the sun, penetrating through the branches, tinged the small wooden crosses; the birds were singing sweetly, and it appeared to us almost impossible that men could commit crimes in such a scene.

At length the forest opened, or receded before us, or disappeared on our flank to ascend some hills. We came upon beautiful plains, bounded by the mountains of the Sierra de Ronda: farm-houses were scattered about. We passed near a lake; and saw on a mountain, surrounded by woods, the town of Vejer—another truly Moorish place—to which we were conducted by a sandy and difficult road, after we had crossed a bridge over the Barbate, by the bridge of La Barca. At the bridge were numbers of custom-house people. One of the men, learning that we were foreigners, asked if we had not a little quinine to give to his child, who was suffering from the malaria fevers which prevail all through these regions during summer and early autumn.

Some of the streets of Vejer were so steep, that we could scarcely ascend them without

chiselling the walls of the houses. In our *posada*, at the top of the town, we found a company of theatrical dancers, and witnessed some of their performances. For the most part they were from Cadiz; the city which supplied ancient Rome with many of her dancers.

Our rest was short: at four o'clock in the morning we were walking along the road to Chiclana by the light of a beautiful moon; crossing another river we entered upon another sandy plain, where the road could scarcely be distinguished, and where not a living soul was to be seen. At length we reached some farm-houses, which appeared to be abandoned by their inhabitants. Being uncertain whether we were in the right way, we shouted out with all our strength. Instead of an answer from a human voice, there was a loud barking, and a number of large fierce dogs came rushing down upon us. We defended ourselves by throwing stones, but were not obliged to have recourse to our arms. The hedges of these farms were formed of cactus, of rough Indian fig-tree, and aloes. Later in the day we saw wandering shepherds following their flocks, which have a wide range in these uncultivated regions. We shouted to them, but all that they did was to point with their fingers in the direction of Chiclana. At last we met a peasant, who showed us a good path.

Near the road, which leads to Conil, we

reposed for a short time in a hut composed of branches of trees. Not far beyond this point we came upon a good high-road; there was no longer any danger of losing ourselves, and, on ascending a hill, we saw the town of Chiclana right before us. A few hours more would bring us to Cadiz.

But here, for the present, we will stop, and finish the first part of our pedestrian journey in the Peninsula.

If our other occupations permit, we will hereafter publish our impressions of Cadiz and Seville, those two pearls of Spain; of Toledo, and its marvellous mosque; of La Mancha, and the Sierra Morena, still filled with *souvenirs* of Don Quixote; and we propose to visit with the reader, the city of Madrid and other interesting Spanish towns.

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